

January 1935

The American Magazine of

ART

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FEBRUARY

THE FULFILLMENT OF PERSONALITY IN PAINTING

By Duncan Phillips

An introduction to Mr. Phillips would be superfluous. You know him well as the author of the monumental "*The Artist Sees Differently*" and "*A Collection in the Making*." Equally famed is he as Director of the Phillips Memorial Gallery. This is the first of a series of articles Mr. Phillips is producing for your magazine for 1935.

THE FORMS OF ART

By E. M. Benson

The first of three articles appearing consecutively in February, March and April. You are familiar with Mr. Benson's fresh viewpoint, expressed so ably in his clear, vivid, readable style.

CÉZANNE AT PHILADELPHIA

By Erle Loran

Pertinent conclusions from one of the season's outstanding exhibitions by a man whose brilliant Cézanne articles in *The Arts* caused a national stir.

LINES THAT SING: PART II

By Troy Kinney

Complementing his article in this January issue with a minimum of text, Mr. Kinney carries you to a highly satisfactory conclusion with linear diagrams and illustrative material with explanatory captions.



These are a *few* of the highlights you will discover in February. You can also look forward to another article on a living American artist—the third in the new series on *Tools and Materials*—The Innocent Bystander—Speaking About Art—New Book Reviews—and all regular features!

The American Magazine of ART—this country's outstanding art magazine—is produced for your enjoyment each month by The American Federation of Arts, national headquarters in the Barr Building, Washington, D. C.

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Published Monthly by THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS
Barr Building, Farragut Square, Washington
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Postage included in the United States and possessions. Canadian postage 25 cents extra, and to foreign countries, 50 cents extra. The Magazine is mailed to all chapters and members, a part of each annual fee being credited as a subscription. Entered as second-class matter October 4, 1921, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., January 1934, and at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Title Trade Marks

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AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

Concerning BRYSON BURROUGHS, whose recent death deprived us of a painter and a student of painting of no mean ability, Forbes Watson writes on page 43 of this number. Readers are referred to that part of the magazine.

TROY KINNEY, being a well-known etcher, has made a lifelong study of line. The fruits of his study are here placed in juxtaposition to line as used in other arts in a most interesting way and for the first time in written form. Mr. Kinney is an Associate of the National Academy. His work is in many leading collections.

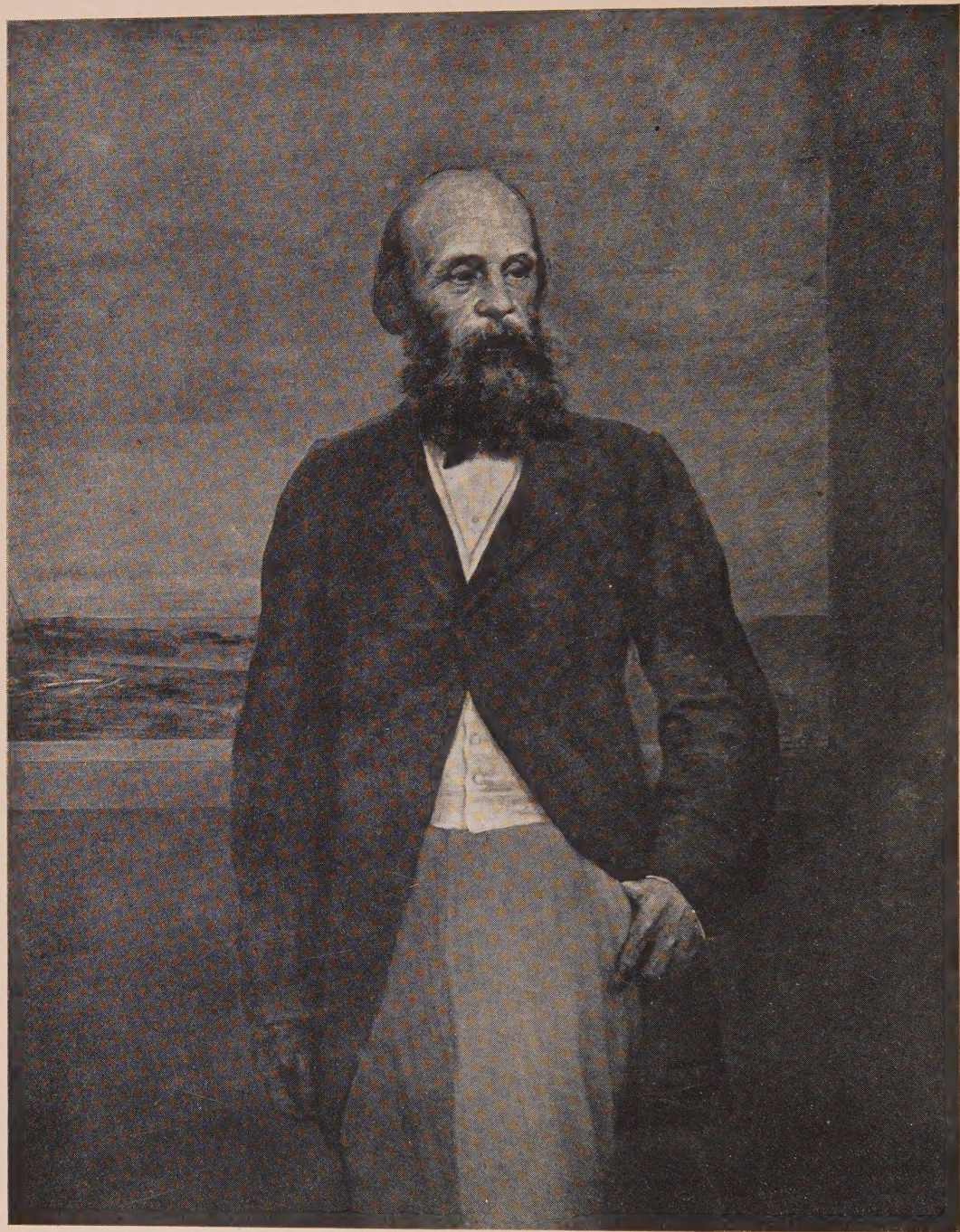
DUNCAN FERGUSON is one of the more important younger American sculptors. He studied with A. H. Atkins and with Robert Laurent. His work is included in the collections of the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Newark Museum, as well as in a number of private collections.

FORBES WATSON, one of our Associate Editors, besides contributing his usual pages on New York exhibitions, this month also

writes on George Luks. Mr. Watson has been art critic on the *New York World* and the *New York Evening Post*; also he was editor of *The Arts* and of the *Arts Weekly*. Last winter he was Technical Director of the PWAP.

BEAUMONT NEWHALL is again doing graduate work at the Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge. Last summer a scholarship took him to London, where he studied at the Courtauld Institute. He has been on the staffs of the Pennsylvania Museum of Art and of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He has reviewed many books for this magazine, has written as well for *Parnassus*.

Regular readers of the magazine are already quite well acquainted with E. M. BENSON's writing. This month he continues to bring a fresh and fearless attitude to these pages. He has written for the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, the *Brooklyn Eagle* and a good many other periodicals and journals. Last spring he gave a series of radio talks on art which were a notable success.



GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS: LORD HOBART

January 1935

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED

THIS is not about love but about greatness—the word, not the quality. Neither is it a complaint about our own times in particular; every age hails many more great men than it can rightly claim; most of these fledglings do not survive the hour. Those who find pleasure or comfort in saying that human nature never changes may solidify their comfort by noticing the mania, now as intense as ever, for calling small men great. We have our great scientists, our great philanthropists, our great statesmen, our great educators, our great actors—at least so we say. Too rigid an examination of their records is not often necessary to reveal to the alert how wantonly the word is being profaned. The great scientist turns out to be an efficient executive; the great philanthropist, we suspect, is elaborately vainglorious; the great statesman is, alas, only an imposing bureaucrat; the great educator has not “led us out” of the darkness; our great actor—but why go on? Time uncovers the truth.

How do our crowds of great artists stand out against the glittering background of praise too freely given? Little better than the others. While the fame-chasers scintillate to order with a nice regularity, those more modestly content to be known as talented, industrious, or honest have time to devote to their work. There is less injustice in this than at first appears, at least as long as the humbler citizens have food, clothing, and shelter and a chance to ply their trades. Simply because fame settles slowly upon the shoulders of those with whom it abides, the only losers in the hue and cry of greatness are those dubbed great and those who are indiscriminate enough to believe they bestow that quality. Greatness bestows itself.

Thinking back only a few decades one can readily recall a number of authentic talents ruined or at least smothered by blasts of too kind applause. Wouldn't it have been enough to have called these people promising or competent or good? It is a heady experience to be called great, and some of these honored ones evidently didn't have head enough to stand it. The result has been a number of drawn-out, commercialized passouts. Some of us wonder when the heads will clear, or at least when the unfamiliar sobering headaches will be felt. By this time the reader may have drawn up his own list of applicants; he may have thought that some of those on his list can do surprisingly well under the influence of adulation. Yet, as someone pointedly enquired, if we call great some of our stuffed and vaunted celebrities, what word shall we reserve for Dürer, Mantegna, and Rembrandt?

1935 VIEWS THE PRE-RAPHAELITES

By BRYSON BURROUGHS

IN times of rapid change such as the world has been going through in the last century and a half, styles and fashions have been short-lived. It is noticeable that the young people of one generation, at least the outstepping and worth-while ones, hold two major beliefs: one, that their own existing fashions represent a finality of excellence; the other, that fashions of their fathers and grandfathers were absurd. A jerkiness in the evolution accompanies this state of mind. Society tests many devices as the ancient stabilities become shopworn. The orderly procession of ideals, as in the well-poised epochs of history, would be impossible in our disturbed and cosmopolitan age.

Ordinarily the estimates of a style are not freed from partisan prejudices until about the third generation after its flourishing. When that happens, the manifestations of the style take their chance for fame or obscurity before that nebulous tribunal, the Judgment of Time, the verdicts of which, though subject to constant revision, are the only standards criticism can refer to.

The time is not yet ripe for calm judgment of the Pre-Raphaelite school which dominated English art in the last half of the nineteenth century. Not in England,¹ certainly, where the spell of Cézanne, Matisse, and Derain still seems to control the modern opinion.² Nor in our own country, where the interest yesterday directed toward the post-impressionists and mannerists, veers today toward an emphatic, crude, vigorous realism which allows no place for the poetical and decorative ideals to which the war set a term. The pendulum of fash-

ion must swing once again before prejudices against this school of art, or in favor of it, will have passed away.

Now Pre-Raphaelite pictures and drawings, which I knew by reproductions and articles in the magazines, were early passions of mine; and I must state frankly in starting, so as to warn away unsympathetic readers, that I still remain loyal, within reason, to my early admiration. Early likes and dislikes indicate pretty fairly one's inborn nature which remains basically the same throughout life notwithstanding the modifications and affectations with which we overlay it.

My earliest direct contact with the works of the school took place in 1892, the first year of my study in Paris. It was the beginning of summer; the "season" was over; the Salons were visited, with great disappointment (it takes practice to see the Salons justly); and I betook myself and my homesickness, in the company of an English friend, to London. London was a benediction! The people looked like "folks," and they talked English and you could get a decent breakfast there. With elation I set out for the galleries to find the originals of some of the engravings I was familiar with. In the galleries and at a loan exhibition of excellent English paintings which happened to be on at the time, I made acquaintance face to face with Pre-Raphaelite pictures, and they fulfilled all my anticipations. I was prepared for the beauty of their designs and for their poetical and intellectual content, but their frank color, their straightforward handling without any smart tricks, above all the earnestness and sincerity of their purpose, were revelations. Here, indeed, were examples of what a modern art could be (only modern art interests young people), and moreover was it not the European art with which we in America were naturally in closest accord? By inheritance and right, our tradition is English

¹ "Nothing is more striking than the inability of the English to stand by their native traditions in art." Trevelyan, *England under Queen Anne*, Vol. I, p. 87.

² A prominent English art-critic, only this last year, brushes aside the Pre-Raphaelites with contemptuous words such as these: "whimsical aestheticism," "utterly divorced from life and good sense," "half-apprehended mediæval notions and artistic bric-a-brac," "no roots in life," "an artificial hot-house growth."

FORD
MADOX
BROWN:

THE LAST
OF ENGLAND



—this French strain is only a late importation. Here among the Pre-Raphaelites surely I find my own appropriate place!

Such were my thoughts at the age of twenty-two, and the eagerness with which I questioned the pictures can readily be understood. The impression of these first-seen pictures remains clear in my memory: the solemnity and aloofness of Rossetti's "Dream of Dante," the virginal freshness of his "Annunciation," in which the halting, almost childlike handling enshrines miraculously the intensity of the young artist's sentiment; Hunt's vigorous and racy "Hiring Shepherd," with its lovely landscape, his "Claudio and Isabella"; Ford Madox Brown's earnest and solidly painted "Christ and the Disciples," and some cartoons of historical subjects by him which stand out by their force

and masculinity; the profound allegories of G. F. Watts and his still more profound portraits; Millais' tender picture of Ophelia; Burne-Jones's "Wheel of Fortune" and "Love Among the Ruins"—but the list is tiresome to all but myself.

I perceived the close bond that connects these pictures one with another—the common ground of their aesthetics. The contemporary poets appeared as the spiritual brothers of the painters; the pictures seem to be, and frequently are, in fact, the illustrations of the poems, and the poems often read like descriptions of the pictures. And the poems and the paintings were equally popular. The painters sold their pictures to waiting clients (it seems too wonderful to be true), and were enabled and encouraged to devote their entire energies

to their art. Their work was a real commodity. Furthermore, a production of the decorative arts, in which the painters collaborated, was in progress—furniture, utensils, textiles, hangings, book-illustrations, stained glass—all singularly in harmony with this same artistic and poetic spirit. Surely this wide movement must be the natural manifestation of the genius of England, a School of Art in the sense of the national schools of the past, the like of which, I then thought, existed nowhere else.

I was not aware that the vitality of the movement was spent, that its best productions had already appeared; nor does that matter as far as the authenticity of the school is concerned. Famous schools of the seventeenth century lasted no longer than fifty years—one lifetime of work. But knowledge and a more removed viewpoint soon corrected my opinion of the uniqueness of the school in its time. The evolution of painting in France, underneath the contradictory tendencies on the surface, has followed since the early 1800's one grand general direction, and the nineteenth century in France must be counted among the great periods of the fine arts.

In reviewing the history of the Pre-Raphaelite school, or of any school as a matter of fact,

one notes curiously the manner in which the genius of a nation builds a structure appropriate to itself alone, on foundations which are common to the whole epoch. England, France, and Germany in the nineteenth century were inspired by similar thoughts and tastes, however different each national manifestation. English landscapists and genre painters were the pioneers in the realistic art which dominated nineteenth-century Europe, but their example was followed in France, not in their own country where there happened to be no great artists to carry on. In the late forties, English painting was in a perfunctory stage. At that time, several young art students, disgusted with the situation, banded together in founding a secret society, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, to uphold one another in the application of certain principles they had agreed upon as necessary to the reformation of art. These principles were in the main a scrupulous and minute reference to nature in all matters, and a return to the simpler methods of picture making as practiced before the time of Raphael, after which, they held, formulas had taken the place of observation.

Holman Hunt, J. E. Millais, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti were the active founders of



J. E. MILLAIS:

OPHELIA

COLLECTION
THE TATE
GALLERY



GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS: RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE

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DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI: ANNUNCIATION

the Brotherhood and it was a rarely fortunate occurrence that these three earnest young men of congenial temperaments should have come together at the very outset of their careers. All were extraordinary; one, Rossetti, was a genius. He at that time was wavering between poetry and painting and had already written, or was just about to write, the *Blessed Damozel*, the most famous of his poems. He was the exotic one of the group, with the frank sensuousness of his Italian ancestors and the child-like outlook of an artist of the fifteenth century. Millais was an artistic prodigy, a master of his craft while still in his teens. His picture of "Lorenzo and Isabella" (from Keats's poem), painted then, is a masterpiece of the movement. Hunt's talent, also very precocious, was of the doctrinaire, painstaking order. All he did was subjected to his theories. He must

not invent: not an inch of his picture must be painted away from the model or from the spot in nature he had chosen as fitting the needs of his composition. He must go to Jerusalem to depict correctly incidents in the life of Christ and to Nazareth to paint the landscape which appears out of the window of Saint Joseph's carpentry shop. Ford Madox Brown, several years older than the others, though never formally a member, was an important influence in the foundation of the Brotherhood. His principles and theirs were closely similar, and his pictures—although at times crowded with incidents, to the detriment of any unity of expression—are among the most impressive of the school.

The art of both Millais and Rossetti weakened as time went on. Millais remained a remarkable technician, but desire for security and position tempted him to paint trivial, sentimental subjects unworthy of his talent. Rossetti also became commercial, repeating time and again his pictures which had proved the most popular. Hunt's ideals were more robust, but a proneness to intense expressions, often painful grimaces, in fact, mars certain of his later works. Undoubtedly, the best period of these three artists was their young manhood. The talent of Ford Madox Brown was not precocious, and the bluff, sturdy poetry of his art lost none of its vigor as he became older.

These were the painters who first displayed the spirit of Victorian art which is popularly named after their society. But the tendency was broader than the Pre-Raphaelite dogmas. The vigorous naturalism, as practiced by Hunt and Millais, does not fit highly imaginative temperaments and Rossetti soon abandoned it. The world of his pictures is not that of his English surroundings, but an inner world which he created out of mediæval poems, old legends, and fancies. It was under the impress of Rossetti's overwhelming personality that Burne-Jones was formed.

Burne-Jones was one of those fortunate artists, heart and soul in sympathy with the ideals of the group of which they form a part,

whose careers fall into the period of the greatest success of these ideals. Under Rossetti's influence he found immediately, without hesitation or experiments, the paths natural to his genius, and his facility and fecundity were astounding. He was a painter of dreams, and fittingly the people of his pictures are wistful and calm apparitions. They solemnly enact old-world myths and fairy-tales in a country whose name "never was writ in the traveler's chart." Those who expect life-enhancement from art are disappointed in Burne-Jones, but the contemplative find solace in his pictures, and no one can dispute his mastery of composition. All the qualities of his style are singularly decorative. His designs for windows and tapestries, altogether similar in manner to his pictures, were carried out literally under the direction of his friend Morris, and the results were and are regarded as the rejuvenation of these arts, as the modern examples in which the true limitations of the technique of these materials have been respected.

The rôle of William Morris was a momentous one in the success of the movement. He brought a dignified and congenial art of decoration into English homes. An odd mixture of idealism and practicality, Morris gave the so-called minor arts the same consideration and importance which are given the fine arts, and strove to render articles of daily use, designed by artists and carried out under the direction of artists, accessible to people of moderate means. Due to his initiative late nineteenth-century England is the single example, since the days of the First Empire in France, of a period in which the contemporaneous style extends even to domestic decoration.

The painting of George Frederick Watts contrasts in its vigor and substantiality with the languid art of Burne-Jones, although spiritually their work is closely related. Watts's aim was to express pictorially the noble ideals of life and conduct which inspired his time—ideals such as those we find proclaimed in the writings of Carlyle, Ruskin, and the novelists. He undertook to paint pictures that appeal to

the imagination and the heart, and, in his own words, "kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity." He had, moreover, the intention to make his painting a living language, not alone for the cultivated, but for the entire people, and the large number of reproductions of his work which are still sold in the shops witness his success. Those great allegorical compositions, when not strained and confused by his didacticism (which sometimes happens, it must be said) are powerful and splendid paintings. But one makes no reservations in the admiration of his portraits. He had the rare power of giving to his sitters the look of their mental or spiritual distinction (and he painted many celebrities) as well as their physical likenesses—a combination of which the art of today seems to give no example.

These were the outstanding personalities of this remarkable group. They were all of the



ARTHUR HUGHES: NATIVITY

same generation. The spirit that inspired them did not outlast their own activities, and, these ended, the Pre-Raphaelite school dwindled rapidly and disappeared altogether with the elegant artificialities of Aubrey Beardsley. The noble ideals of the movement, its enthusiasms and high anticipations, have left no impression on what is being done today. But even so the place of the school, all must allow, is a very honorable one in modern English art, second only to that of the landscapists and portraitists of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The landscapists of that time, as has been said, led the world in the frank observation of nature; the portraitists formed a decorative and aristocratic style on the example of Van Dyck, in which a profound psychology would have been out of place. The ideals of the Pre-Raphaelites were more comprehensive than theirs. Besides being painters

they must be thinkers, poets, philosophers. They insisted that the intellectual part of a work of art—its message—was as important as its surface beauty.

There is scant patience today for all this "literary stuff." Painting is a matter of form, color, and handling, it is held, and should stand or fall by itself without any outside aids. "Pure painting" is the popular fashion, and as a corrective has a justification, it must be acknowledged. The one-sided but sturdy pictures—all the still-lives, crude landscapes, and studies of naked ladies—which make up the larger part of our present shows give a better impression surely than the sentimentalities and the poetical affectations which in a like proportion crowded the exhibitions of a generation ago.

But we must not lose sight of the fact that the idea of "pure painting" is a very recent



WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT: THE HIRELING SHEPHERD
COLLECTION THE MANCHESTER GALLERY



EDWARD BURNE-JONES: ROCK OF DOOM (PERSEUS SERIES)

newcomer in the tradition. The old masters knew nothing of it. The great paintings which the ages have agreed upon—those which one thinks of immediately as the greatest monuments of the art—are all story-telling pictures; their subjects, whether prescribed by the patron or chosen by the artist himself, in all but very exceptional cases are drawn from the common spiritual storehouse of the race, from religions,

legends, famous poems—from literature, in fact. Such pictures are indubitably of the class of illustrations. In the light of history one sees that the present distrust of the literary subject in a work of art is ephemeral and bound soon to give place to a sentiment in accord with the immemorial ideal. Indeed there are signs that this change in the style already begins to take place.

LINES THAT SING*

By TROY KINNEY

THIS article is a summing-up of a search for a vocabulary of emotional expression. A vocabulary aimed at lifting expression out of the domain of luck and putting it on a firm basis. Rashness, perhaps. Nevertheless in the devices that follow I find promise of help in certain problems of work and hope that they may possibly be of use to my colleagues. I believe also that they may add to the layman's enjoyment of both a genus of art and a certain aspect of nature. These devices are not new. Rather they represent a reassemblage of fragments of knowledge that have enriched the arts of design at times in the past, but which latterly (so far as the Occident is concerned) have been almost frittered away.

At the outset, I am serenely aware that the use of the word "knowledge" in any artistic discussion damns its user as a being without a soul. Rightful demand for more emotion in art has been carried to the point of excluding knowledge from the artist's equipment, as a deadly enemy of feeling. A cultural leader in a metropolis of the corn belt assured me that no educated person can be an artist. As a shot, it missed. I am not educated, don't care, don't believe it affects the artist one way or the other. But the assertion was highly interesting nevertheless. Because its author's opinions are derived from precisely the same source as her hats: namely, Fashion. Present fashion of belief dictates that no artist, if he has a head, can have a heart. That sense and sentiment are mutually exclusive. In short, that a true artist produces his work by throwing some sort of fit. And a deep-rooted fashion it is. The average public hates to think, loves to marvel. The average art writer plays safe and saves labor by following his average reader's preferences.

The average student likes to put responsibility for results on inspiration, luck, and the weather. Nor could it successfully be claimed that the same superstition is wholly repulsive to all practicing artists. It follows that individuals who by experiment and thought have worked out for themselves a means of expression, do well—in the face of a superstition so generally cherished—to keep their knowledge to themselves, lest they be denounced as charlatans or, worse, intellectuals. From this almost enforced reticence it inevitably follows that the art of expression does not build up a body of tradition, and knowledge of it too often dies with its discoverer.

This refers to means, or method. Emphasis upon means takes nothing from the importance of that which is to be expressed—emotion, dream, mood, impression, what you will. Means of expression is another thing. A quasi-actress trapped an intelligent producer into hearing some “readings” from her repertoire. The verdict was that she doubtless would live to *say* a great deal, but that she never would *express* anything. Yet this actress did not lack feeling. She fairly quivered with feeling. So does almost everybody. Feeling is the commonest thing under the human skin. If it is true, as currently lamented, that the present is an emotionally sterile period in the arts of design, to attribute that sterility to some epidemic of emotional anæmia in the art profession is manifest nonsense. If complaints are justified, the trouble clearly is not lack of feeling, but, to repeat, the lack of any dependable set of outward and visible signs by which A’s feeling can be communicated to B.

Let this fact, then, which prevailing superstition disregards, be emphasized; impression and expression are two distinct and separate functions. Impression may be likened to a receiving mechanism, expression to a projector. Power to receive aesthetic impression is un-

* The parallel between line and melody as indicated in this article is confirmed by Albert Spalding, Jacques Gordon, Frank Sheridan and Marion Rous, to all of whom the author is indebted for suggestions.

questionably one of humanity's most precious possessions. But as equipment for the production of a work of art, unless it is supplemented by a means of expression, it is futile. But what about composition? If you leave out rendering, is not composition a means of expression? Assuredly, individuals have made it so serve. But so far as I can ascertain, modern Occidental composition ignores the moods of forms, concerns itself with little more than structure and pattern. The National Academy of Design now gives expression due attention in its school curriculum. Arthur Covey, as head of the composition department, is getting striking results, and other schools will wake up. But in the school days of my generation, back in another century, I heard not one word of any imaginative aspect of composition, nor have I ever found any hint of it in any text on the subject. For my generation the schools fabricated a Pegasus with four good and useful legs, which are important; but they overlooked his wings. We students were on our spiritual knees before the masterpieces. Each held us in its mood. But how? Ah, dear boy—Personality! Inspiration! And so, wingless, a hard-working plug bore us from art school to try for the heights. Sooner or later we found that our training, however sound, was wholly factual, materialistic. So completely materialistic that, far from knowing the devices of mood-interpretation, we did not even know how to search for them. The masterpieces we tried to understand revealed to us nothing but craftsmanship. There were black hours. Not that the magic ever can be wholly known. The man that uses it doesn't wholly know he got his results. But it certainly can be partly understood, and a part is a start.

As though in compensation for bruises incidental to battles with my wingless Pegasus, circumstances of work from the start have brought me into generous contact with music, in both finished form and in preparation. Now, about music there are dependable satisfactions. First, however skeptical you may become about paint or stone or copper as any-

thing better than a show place for artisan skill, music remains an art. Second, and even more emphatically, it is a science, and is so treated by its capable practitioners. Droll, that the public opinion that forbids an artist of design to know anything, permits and even encourages an artist of music to know his metier as an exact science. A competent performer or conductor does not grope for his interpretation. He comes to rehearsal having dreamed his dream. He comes to rehearsal for practical, scientific work. His objective is definite; phrase after phrase is worked upon in the light of clear understanding until it is a perfect link in its golden chain.

For another type of mind, or the product of a different student experience, the observations that followed my first realization of the musician's sureness of fact doubtless would have been needless. But to a mind blinded by unbalanced devotion to the factual aspects of drawing, music revealed things that had been hidden from the eyes. It is common knowledge that the composition of music and design are largely identical. Common knowledge is not always wrong. I worked a season for a scene painter, separated by only a back drop from Theodore Thomas' rehearsals of the Chicago Orchestra. It became evident that music made use of familiar devices, only it used every one of them as a means of expression as well as of structure. Like design, music involves structure, developing into pattern and texture, theme, rhythm, tonality, color and line—only in music line is usually called melody. But not always. To synopsise the character of a melody, musicians commonly refer to "the melodic line," or "the line," as of this or that character: florid, tranquil, agitated, brilliant—what you will. And this is no figure of speech. To people whose visual sensations are stimulated and governed by music, or in other words, to people who see music, melodic line is a reality that can be deliberately studied.

Possible gain from attention to melodic line in particular is our present concern. Let it be understood that the following concentration

on line, either tonal or graphic, indicates no disparagement of other devices of expression. Form, rhythm, tonality, color, all have been the means to magnificent interpretation. But line was my first love, as many another's; and of all the resources of composition, line remains the most accessible and real.

The next issue of this magazine will contain a number of works selected for line treatment. Many of these examples are etchings—naturally, since etching is above all the line medium. Now, etchings in general are half covered with marks, strokes-of-the-point, in-

This attribute of expansion and contraction leads to considerations of form. But so long as its direction is easily sensed, the collective flow is to be regarded as line (Diagram 11).

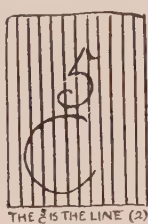
The character of the line may be emphasized by a counter interest. So long as counters do not compete for attention (as will be discussed later), the line retains its functions. This device is the equivalent of musical obligato. (Diagram 12.)

As everybody knows, line can synopsise the character of material things. (Diagrams 13, 14, 15, 16.)



NO LINE

(1)



THE C IS THE LINE (2)



THE LINE SMOTHERED (3)



THE LINE "SPEAKS" (4)



BY POINTS (5)



BY OMISSION (6)



BY OVERLAP (7)



DIAGRAM 8



DIAGRAM 9



DIAGRAM 10

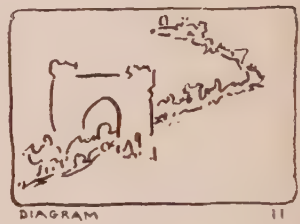


DIAGRAM 11

cisions, all loosely and for lack of a specific word called lines. But Line, except by coincidence, is a different thing. The term as used seems vague, but a glance at a few examples will show that its significance is definite.

Among many lines, the Line is the one that is readily visible, the one that "speaks." (Diagrams 1, 2, 3, 4.)

Line need not be delineated; it may be suggested. (Diagrams 5, 6, 7.)

Contour may make the line (Diagram 8). But not necessarily (Diagram 9).

Line, in short, is a means of leading the eye in this direction or that.

In art, as in nature, line has breadth as well as length. Varying breadth contributes greatly to its power of describing physical things and also to its range of aesthetic expression (Diagram 10).

And sometimes their state of health (Diagrams 17, 18).

But enough of instances of line used to state facts. What we are after is line that suggests, beyond the physique of things, their state of mind. The state of mind, at least, with which the artist chooses to endow them, and in which he wishes them to be contemplated. The line that makes the melody that lifts his story into song.

For a picture and a song are the same thing. The song has its subject-matter of people and things, stated in its words. The magic that inspires the mood in which he wishes these words heard may be an elaborate orchestration, using all the resources of musical composition; or—that with which we are concerned—a simple melody fitted to the words. The subject-matter of the picture is a representation of people and

things. These may be so treated as to involve all the resources of composition. Or they may be rendered in simple line. An imaginative picture is a song, and line is melody.

Musical sound owes part of its eloquence to several qualities which collectively are called tone. The graphic line admits of analogous qualities. The following diagrams, however, are concerned only with the form, speed, and force of line—subtle quality being irrelevant to, and a complication of, the present argument. It will be noted, incidentally, that line may express variations of speed and volume

Why then is not the mood-inspiring line common to all honest works of art? Pervading, as it does, all outdoors, it would seem as though mere conscientious drawing should capture it. Sometimes it does. More often it succeeds partly. Most often it misses completely anything beyond the material statement.

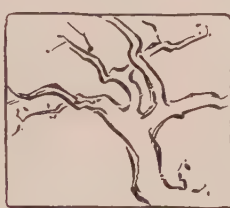
Everybody knows that the artist emphasizes, unconsciously, what he understands and enjoys. If he sees with the eyes of the head merely, he is going to produce a record of physical fact. Many such artists enjoy line as a thing of grace or style. But unless it is vari-



COUNTER-INTEREST



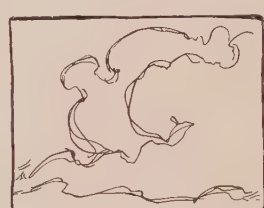
BIRCH



APPLE



IRIS



CUMULUS CLOUD



DIAGRAM

17



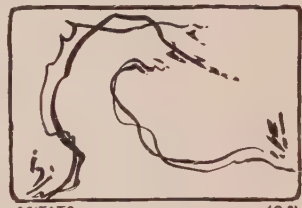
DIAGRAM

18



AUSTERE

(19)



AGITATO

(20)

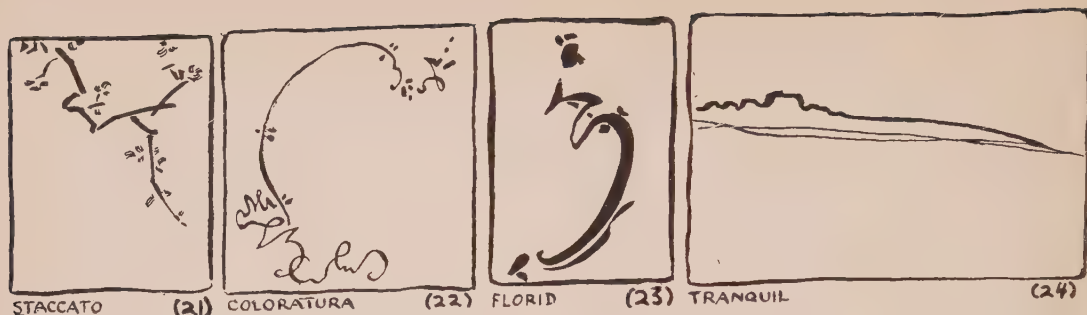
(Diagrams 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24).

These constitute the story. To multiply examples would not convince the mind unattuned to line-expression. The mind that is so attuned will discover examples of its own.

Now if these lines have a good deal in common with those indicating physical character it is because natural movement and healthy growth tend to produce lines that are eloquent of mood. It is indeed as though each species had its habitual mood, its characteristic state of mind, its disposition. The old oak is inflexibly stolid, the birch sapling is a laughing coquette; the high-bred colt boasts of vigor in every contour. The brook is an ecstasy of swirl and dashes, but the boulders around which it plays are worn with the freshets of ages, and they express it, monumentally. Nature truly sings.

able to suit sentiment, what meaning has grace or style? The queen of a beauty contest is not always satisfying as an actress.

Even in the works of men who keenly appreciate line in its fullest possibilities, the possibilities too often are only half realized. Here, we shall say, is a print whose dominant line takes you straight to Heaven. Next we look at another print from the same etcher, which appears no more than a skillful representation of, say, a place. Why the disparity? Search the latter, the prose subject. You probably will find a perfectly adequate line, buried among a lot of irrelevant matter that's probably there for the sake of realism. (Whistler, in one of his letters, refers to the ruin of a plate through the suggestions of "a painter fellow.") Diagram 3 above shows a line that cannot "speak," being smothered—exactly as in camouflage.



There remains another pitfall, even subtler than this confusion of realism; and many a line-wise man has dropped into it. As remarked above, a line may be enriched and heightened in character by an arrangement of counter-lines. But these counters seem invariably to try to usurp equal importance with the line which set out to be dominant. The counter-interest, obviously, must be kept subordinate. Yet the artist succumbs to his counter interests, continues to see his dominant line as he planned it, fails to see that his dominant line is smothered in a play of expressionless adornment. It took Rembrandt and Whistler until their latter years to get their instinct for line to a basis of such understanding that they were safe against this imponderable temptation. Their earlier plates, whatever their beauties, are in this respect notably uneven.

So with most musical composers in their play with various interests of harmony, color and all the rest of it—particularly counter-point, the equivalent of interlacing design, with all its temptations to overdo. I asked Jacques Gordon how a particularly transparent contrapuntal effect had been got. "Simply," Gordon answered, "the composer didn't clutter up his melody. Beethoven never does. The average composer does." And why not, indeed, with the example of overly lavish nature before us? It requires practice and will-power to isolate from its surroundings and background the significant line sufficiently to get a just perception of its value. Once this ability has been acquired, the silent song of nature begins to be clear.

Chinese and Japanese art are inseparable from this discussion. Certain Japanese paint-

ers of birds and flowers carry line to the uttermost superlative of happy wit. Others are equally sure-footed in other sentiments. The paradox—real or apparent—about their control is this: ostensibly at least, their approach to line is through a set of fixed conventions, and not primarily through search for sentimental significances. Early British drawing books showed *the* way to draw foliage, cows, and kittens. Similarly, the Japanese * have specific lines for certain things, characters and textures. An old man is rendered in lines suggesting spikes. A geisha's robe flows sweetly. And so on, employing a repertoire of forty-seven definite strokes of the brush. An unpromising way of acquiring emotional appeal, it would seem. And one suspects that consciousness of emotional significances must enter largely into the Japanese artist's process of thought, whatever his rules may be. We read that the Chinese founders of modern Chinese and Japanese art believed, indeed, that the reason for art's existence was the projection of mood. Their specific aim was limited—at first to tranquillity suitable for religious contemplation. But the range of mood has expanded indefinitely, and to this day mood-inspiration would seem to be a useful, albeit perhaps unconscious, heritage of the Oriental artist.

It remains to the last to indicate the ultimate achievements of visible (in contrast to tonal) line. The superlative lines have been drawn on the air. They endure only in memory, but they remain as the final goal in linear expression. Anna Pavlova was, in my opinion, the supreme line artist whose work our era has

* Bowie, *On the Art of Japan*.

seen; none in any graphic medium has surpassed her intensity, nor achieved more than a fraction of her scope. Her command of the moods of the civilized world is attributed by critics as well as public to perfect mastery of the dance, and that only; and there will be those who would dismiss as preposterous any thought of line as an important element of her art. That it was, I am not surmising or inferring. All the latter years of her life I had the great honor of friendship and close working association with Madame Pavlowa. She showed me her use of line in the dance, showed me how she studied it. By nature keenly susceptible to line (to say nothing of the element of genius in her) she studied it constantly, consciously, and thoroughly.

If you're not used to the idea, line drawn on the air may seem a little lacking in reality. But it's not. In a dark room set up a camera, shutter open. In front of it move a light. The resulting photograph records the light's movements as a white line. In the same conditions take a dancer, lights in her hands and attached to her ankles; have her execute a simple phrase of dance movement. If she is properly trained the lines of her photograph will be live and healthy, and the figures created by their interplay will be coherent ornament.

Now, movement-lines similarly register on the retina of the eye, with this advantage of eye over camera: that the eye sees the line without the aid of forced lighting. Moreover, eye and mind retain that line for a considerable length of time. To the latter fact the dance owes its ability to create effects; contrasts, development of theme, climax, everything that goes into an art. With mountebanks, "hoofers," and all that genus, this has nothing to do; neither theirs nor the jumping-jack's, however diverting, is a medium of poetic expression. But the dance composer who is an artist has line as his paramount consideration, beginning with his floor plan of paths to be "traveled" by performers, continuing through tracery to be drawn by arm movements and steps. Nor is the performer less con-

cerned with his line. It must be elegant always, true to the moment's requirements as to quality. The classic ballet in its two and a half centuries of life has developed line and form to a rich and true school of ornament, plus expression of a limited range of simple emotions. If not deeply stirring, it is very beautiful when well performed—which is rarely, for the technique is exceedingly difficult. The recent golden period of the ballet produced hardly a dozen perfect dancers. One of them was Pavlowa. But she, not content with an art that should be merely beautiful, set to work to make it a complete medium for emotional expression. How far she succeeded everybody knows. She incorporated line into the dance without deforming it, incorporated it so skillfully that neither the critics who tried to analyze her work, nor the members of the French and Italian ballets, who did not like the Russians' capture of their supremacy, could isolate it as her peculiar increment to the classic dance. The effects were felt, but the cause was unseen.

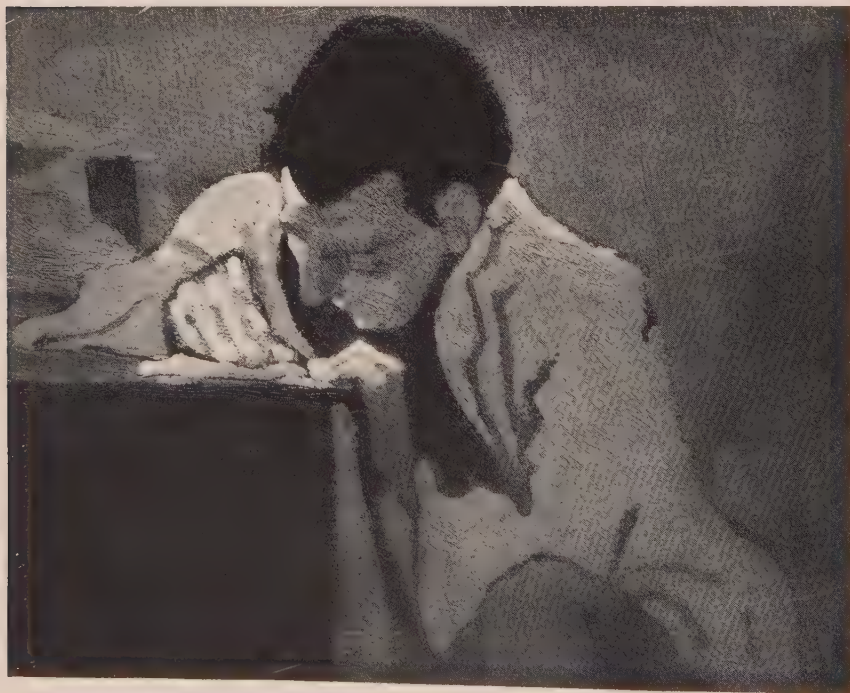
Her method of study was as simple as yours or mine; the same, in fact, except that she did not make her drawings on paper. When she saw a dragon-fly or an iris or a cathedral or anything else that promised expressive line interest it had her attention. First she considered it deliberately, searching the telling line, disengaging it from distractions. Then, just as you or I would draw it on paper, she would draw it on the air, thoughtfully, repeatedly. A dozen of these trials enabled her to render her ethereal drawing fluently, as a gesture; and it was a sketch of a spirit. Not an imitation of the thing, but its life principle, freed from material; unmistakable in character, but above all a suggestion of mood; always with that appreciation of beauty that imparts love of the subject. Now need I point out the magic of her "Poppy"? Of that scintillating bit of sunlight, "Butterfly"? Go further even in memory, to bits disassociated from subject. In rage, she suggested flame. In coquetry, her hands flashed out the sparkle of

diamonds. Into moods uncounted and unnamed she threw her audience; changed their tears to laughter in the time it takes to wink. The dance unaided does not do these things. Pavlova's dance furnished the enchantment of beauty, yes. But the mood was the work of line, and in the memory of her line she has left us an ideal, a measure of what line can do.

Pavlova was equally responsive to meanings of music. To what extent music contributed to her understanding of line it would of course be impossible to say. Although she undoubtedly profited by it, it is probable that it was not necessary to the development of her line-perception; she doubtless would have gone to nature for line, even without music to prompt her. Presumably, nature has been the first and only guide to most of those few artists who have made line sing. Which nevertheless subtracts nothing from the value of music as an opener of spiritual eyes—particularly eyes that have been dimmed by unbalanced devotion to the physique of things, the eyes of that considerable number of artists who, like myself, were victims of an over-factual training.

We are confronted by a very proper demand for deeper and clearer emotional expression. Bouguereauism and ossified classicism are dead. Brave thousands have relied on their own unaided invention for emotion-projecting form and line, not wholly in vain. But, all told, the fruits of the sundry "isms" have not been commensurate with their attendant sound and fury. Nature invents better aesthetic means, and that without treason to beauty. For some of us, melody holds out a promise of useful training for the intelligent study of nature's inventions. Its mood is unmistakable, and its method of projection clearly defined and possible to understand.

All of which sounds as though these few simple principles should make line-expression easy. Well, they don't. It's an elusive and impalpable job. It is said that our difficulties give our work that sense of adventure that distinguishes it from a mere chore. We, who are working for line, then, may congratulate ourselves. So far as I can see, the attainment of such proficiency as to dampen the adventure is a very long way ahead.



JEAN
EDOUARD
VUILLARD:

PORTRAIT OF
LUGNÉ POË

Collection, Miss
Mabel Choate

In the Fifth
Anniversary
Exhibition
at the
Museum of
Modern Art

GEORGE LUKS: ARTIST AND "CHARACTER"

By FORBES WATSON

LIKE most of us, George Luks was the victim of his period and of himself. He was also, obviously, the beneficiary of his period, one of the major facts brought out, and rebrought out, in the current memorial exhibition of his paintings, water colors, and drawings which has been occupying most of the galleries of Newark's small, very much alive, and municipally useful Museum. Being a beneficiary he was clearly not completely victimized like those artists who attempt to escape from their period. I always think of the Pre-Raphaelites as being the most complete victims of their period because they rejected its benefits. This Luks did not do.

On the contrary, he rather over-used his period's benefits, relying more on them to bring him through than on that hard self-discipline without which artists seldom come through to their best. George never did reach his best. He played around the outskirts of it, sometimes approximating it excitingly, at other times falling so far below it that he seemed not to be doing much more than forcing his audience to realize the irregularity of his training and his shocking lack of the power to criticize himself.

Today we hear and read much about the over-intellectualization of both painting and criticism. We hear of clever boy-directors of museums giving lectures to the effect that painting is no longer among their pet toys and that, consequently, the time has come to write in all good, up-to-date dictionaries, after the word painting: *finis 1934*. In George Luks's heyday the critics were romantic. Many of them were third-rate painters eking out a sustenance as critical hacks and taking much more pains not to offend what a certain type of artist likes to refer to as his peers, than they did to contribute anything very fine to the body of our critical literature or information. There was also at that time, as always, the

kind of writer—often referred to as a critic—who is capable of being excited only by a "character"; and George Luks was quite as much a "character" as he was an artist.

In those more innocent days it was much easier to be a "character" than it is in our suspecting and investigating era. The tradition was not yet exhausted in America. Whistler kept it alive in London and Chase persisted in being a "character" to the end. Luks was alive when Whitman was a "character," and very much alive when Mark Twain was accenting the showman side of his genius. Some big men "played a part," so that Luks had highly placed precedents when he took over so vigorously the part of being the medicine-man of American painting. There were a number of academicians about the town who spoke French badly, at the same time cultivating most assiduously the romantic delights of a French accent. But they had not the vigor to put into their rôles that Luks had. Moreover, the "character" act had not yet found such special pleaders as Irvin Cobb and Will Rogers. It was still, when George took hold of it with such naïve delight, a comparatively innocent endeavor.

To me it has frequently seemed that to be an artist and a "character" is to risk distractions which take something from the modest delights of being an artist. Mark Twain used to complain bitterly that his public would never believe him wholly serious. His *Joan of Arc* and his attack on Mrs. Eddy were not accepted as he wanted them to be accepted. How often, I wonder, did he sacrifice the applause of the gallery to his ambition not to be considered solely a wit? He was a richer, more imaginative artist than George Luks, yet he, too, paid something of a price for being a "character." I believe that Whitman also did. Whistler obviously did. Chase was just about the right size not to lose, and Luks was

a mite too big not to be hurt by his duality.

The rôle that Whistler handed down to Chase, bits of which were taken over by various academicians who wore goatees and went in for fencing, was essentially dandiacal. It was a polite rôle calculated to entertain and mildly startle "Society" without offending potential buyers by looking improperly strange in their eyes. Luks, on the other hand, evolved a rougher part. He, as it were, made his entrances from McSorley's Bar as one of the people prepared to hurl mighty shocking phrases at the gentry, which would make it

impossible for them ever to forget him. His costume was something between a senator's and a barker's. Essentially a lone wolf, he knew everybody; and to every gathering he came as a conqueror determined at all costs to subdue it with Luksian epithets. These ranged from phenomenal and daring witticisms to loose though plodding exaggerations that could become ghastly boring.

Like the romantic newspaper man of the 'nineties, Luks relied for social effect upon the shock-content of his words and manners. To the end he belonged to the romantic fore-runners of the present-day hard-boiled wise-crackers. He believed in saying it roughly rather than viperishly. And he soon discovered that if the aroma of the people were brought to the boudoirs of the rich, most telling paradoxes could be effected. To the lacy he could bring all the thrills of rough stuff without any of its frightening dangers.

All part-players eventually bore if you see too much of them and I must frankly admit that after the first five hours George bored me to delirium. Nearly always the crowd invented devious ways by which to escape from a rougher, a noisier and more repetitious George. Given time, Luks became hypnotized by the subject of George. He became more and more gregarious. But even he could not blame his admirers if, by the time the church bells began to ring, they became interested in other feats of the spirit than those performed by George Luks the painter. The first time that he modestly announced to me that Henri, Bellows, et al., were "just buttons on an old waistcoat that George Luks had thrown away," I laughed; yet I have to admit that the fifty-fifth time he gave himself this modest bouquet, something of its shining witticism escaped me and a yawn replaced it.

The young artist who falls more or less naturally into a part can develop it, within reason, without distracting his mind from the more serious aims of painting. It happens frequently that a young man will start playing a part and with the added wisdom of first ma-



GEORGE LUKS: CZECHO-SLOVAK CHIEFTAIN
Collection Newark Museum

GEORGE
LUKS:

THE OLD
DUCHESS

COLLECTION
METROPOLI-
TAN MUSEUM
OF ART



All photographs
used with this
article courtesy
the Newark
Museum

turity drop it from him and emerge from the chrysalis of affectation into serious naturalness. If he carries over the part into maturity it demands, as it loses its original spontaneity, more and more of his time—thereby becoming a stronger and a stronger deterrent. Even men of such abounding energy as Rodin and Bourdelle, and of so much greater working capacity than Luks, suffered greatly from their lifelong insistence on playing the parts of supermen.

How then could George Luks, who had not a perfect workman's habits, and who grew more and more to rely on pyrotechnical luck rather than on the validity of the inner thought or emotion, escape the disintegrating effect of

a rôle that was at once pompous, aggressive, and vulgar—of the people? If you trace his career from one of his earlier and finer portraits of street people, children and grown-ups, to his latest drawings and his late self-portrait, broken to pieces with flashy surface highlights, you can follow the gradual conquest of the artist by the "character." He became more and more gregarious, wandered far from the men and women of art, increased his acquaintances literally by the hundred and became as uncritical of his audiences as of his art. But audiences he had to have. His "character" drove him to them, demanded them, and forced him to obey; and when he was found dead in a



GEORGE
LUKS:

OTIS
SKINNER
AS COL.
BRIDAU
(1908)

COLLEC-
TION
PHILLIPS
MEMORIAL
GALLERY

Sixth Avenue doorway last year at the age of sixty-six, his friends asked themselves from what uncritical adventure he had emerged. His "character" had completely won the day and conquered all. And the George Luks who might have been, passed on to other activities.

The painter that was George Luks always struck me as one of the most gifted, naturally, of American painters. His gifts are alien to our time. Since he was Dutch by inheritance, it seems perfectly right and proper that both Hals and Rembrandt should have appealed to him. He had the large-sized painter's breadth of vision. He had a real feeling, at his best, for deep and sonorous tonality. In such por-

traits as that of "The Old Duchess" his sense of the mystery of light and life was that of the seeing poet. Only to painters of potentially high caliber is the gift of swift and penetrating insight granted in such proportions. George Luks had this rare gift in abundance, but as he developed the habit of relying on luck and magic, the gift shrank away from malnutrition and eventually deserted him entirely.

Miss Beatrice Winser, director of the Newark Museum, has taken a leaf from Mr. Alfred Barr's book and prepared an excellent catalogue of the Luks Memorial Exhibition. The biographical note in the catalogue is sufficiently succinct and lucid to deserve copying

for inclusion in the present discussion.

"George Benjamin Luks was born in Williamsport, Pa., on August 13th, 1867. His father, Emil George Luks, was a physician and his mother, Bertha von Kraemer Luks, was interested in painting. His ancestry was Dutch, French, and Bavarian.

"He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Dusseldorf Academy . . . and later painted in Paris and London. He was more affected by the paintings he saw abroad—Rembrandt, Hals, Goya among the old painters, Renoir and Manet among the moderns—than by the teachings of the schools.

"Like his friends, Sloan, Glackens, and Shinn, he started his career as a newspaper artist in Philadelphia. He illustrated first for the *Philadelphia Press*; in 1898, during the Spanish-American War, he was sent to Cuba by *The Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia. Returning to this country he worked in 1898 and 1899 for *The New York World*. Here he illustrated news stories, drew caricatures, and after Outcault left the *World* for the *Journal*, continued the weekly comic page known at various times as 'Hogan's Alley,' 'The Yellow Kid,' and 'McFadden's Flats.'

"When his paintings began to sell, he gave up newspaper work. Always a champion of Americanism and of freedom in art, he was one of 'The Eight' who contributed at the Macbeth Gallery in 1908, and he participated in the famous 'Armory' show in 1913. From that time on his pictures continued to be seen at exhibitions of contemporary American art all over the country. To fill in, between commissions, he taught at The Art Students' League of New York and later started a school of his own.

"Except for brief interludes in New England, Nova Scotia, and Pennsylvania, he painted the life of the city of New York and it was the people of the poorer sections who attracted him most. Anyone who suggested character—'edge' he called it—interested him. He was working on such a subject, an old woman called 'The Fortune Teller,' at the

time of his death on October 29th, 1933. . . ."

The ellipsis denotes a list of societies to which Mr. Luks belonged and of prizes that he received. It is not necessary to waste space on these, particularly as I am continuing to wonder how it happens that all these rebels from Cézanne to Luks and from Luks to Peter Blume can cherish the idea of prizes and, except in the case of Cézanne, accept them.

Miss Winsor has done more than write a biographical note. She has also given, in the forepart of the catalogue, quotations from various critics and friends and annotated pictures with excerpts from critics' comments. This, it seems to me, is as it should be.

These reviewers agree on a characterization of Luks which one calls "gusto," another "dynamic," and another "robust." I think that here lies a slight confusion between the "character" and the artist. There is no question about the robustness of the "character," but considerable question whether "gusto," "dynamic," and again "gusto" should be thrown unqualifiedly at the artist. It strikes me that Luks was a divided individual and that to be dynamic is not to be divided. Luks was certainly a paradox. He spent hours in the cheapest wastes of self-ballyhoo. His impulse as an artist was never toward the petty. He had a genuine urge to do the big thing and yet this famous "gusto" to which all his critics refer distracted him from finishing the big thing. This brings me far back to Luks's over-use of the benefits of his period. Benefits is a forced word in this case. For the benefits that Luks took advantage of, to his own great detriment, were the benefits of a period of excessively soft critical estimates. He needed far firmer criticism and lots of it. Most artists do.

I think that one reason why Luks has escaped the target practice of critical gunfire is partly, if not entirely, because he was sharply divided into about four parts. As an artist and a "character," already divided in two, he had, in addition, two very different aims as an artist. On the one side he quite apparently worshipped at the shrine of bravura, as we can



GEORGE
LUKS:

THE
LITTLE
MILLINER
(1905)

COLLECTION
ARTHUR F.
EGNER

observe by looking even at the black-and-white reproductions, herewith, of "The Czecho-Slovak Chieftain" (1919) and the "Otis Skinner"; on the other he was a mystic, as in "The Old Duchess."

The other day I happened to be visiting a friend who had brought back from Europe two of the heaviest books—the works of Ingres and the works of David—I have ever tried to support on my knees. Possibly it was unfor-

tunate that I looked through these books, recalling what I had so often seen, before going to Newark to recall the Luks pictures which I had also already seen. I am not trying to rate artists or greatness. But I do feel, somehow, that to be able to carry through to the top of one's bent, implies an intelligence, a distinction of purpose, and a will for the lack of which George Luks fell short of expressing the power that was his.

TOOLS AND MATERIALS

IIA: CLAY MODELLING IN THE ROUND

By DUNCAN FERGUSON

THIS article is addressed primarily to the layman who not only enjoys looking at sculpture but also feels a curiosity about how it has been made. To some extent also it is directed to the layman who, besides enjoying and being curious, may even wish to try his own hand at modelling. The latter, however, would need a more detailed knowledge of some of the various processes here described; and at the end, therefore, I have given a few references which will supplement (and also supply the indispensable illustrations for) the information and explanations of this article.

Only modelling in the round will be considered: modelling in relief presents very different problems and involves accordingly a different technique, which will require a separate article. Also, no attempt can be made to discuss fundamental principles and theories of modelling.

MATERIALS AND TOOLS

The clay used in modelling is ordinary earth clay out of which all sand and grit have been refined. There are many kinds, varying in color and consistency; French clay is probably the most widely preferred. Clay will dry out, harden, and crack if not kept constantly moist; a figure in clay must therefore be kept covered with wet cloths whenever it is not being worked.

Plasteline is an oily composition which will not harden or crack. It may be had in soft, medium, or hard consistency, and in a variety of colors.

The choice between clay and plasteline is largely a matter of personal preference. The consistency of clay may be altered according to the varying needs of different stages of work; clay is cleaner, doesn't smell, and washes out of the plaster mould more easily when the casting is being done. On the other hand, because clay must be constantly wetted down,

plasteline is preferable for a piece of work that may need to be interrupted for a period, or for a monumental figure or group where keeping the clay in good working condition would be a constant problem; also, plasteline, because of its greater firmness, is useful for small sketches when one doesn't want to bother with an armature. (And clay cannot be used if there is any chance of freezing temperature in the studio.)

Few tools are needed for either clay or plasteline—a kitchen knife, two or three boxwood tools, two or three steel tools. These tools are made in many sizes, and usually with the two ends of the tools differently shaped—flat, pointed, rounded, or tooth-edged. There are no rules as to whether clay modelling should be done chiefly with tools or with the fingers. Bourdelle used to tell his students to use tools almost exclusively; whereas many sculptors prefer to work with the fingers, confining the use of tools to small details or hollows or undercuttings which the fingers cannot conveniently get at. The extent to which tools are used will depend considerably on the individual's technique of modelling, as will be seen later.

THE ARMATURE

Before a figure can be modelled in clay an armature must be constructed, for clay is not firm enough to support its own weight. Armatures may be bought ready-made, but are expensive; they can be easily and far more cheaply made in the studio. The basis of the armature is a support, or "figure-iron," made in the shape of an inverted L out of two pieces of ordinary iron pipe. The longer, or vertical, piece of pipe is attached by a flange to a base-board, and should stand half the height of the figure intended plus whatever height will be required for the clay base—i. e., for a two-foot figure, about fourteen inches. At its top the shorter piece (four to six inches) is at-

tached at right angles by an elbow joint; at the end of this short arm a T-joint (a short piece of hollow pipe in the shape of a T, open at the three ends) is attached. The short arm will thus enter the clay figure at about the small of the back, and the T-joint (through which the wire of the armature passes) will lie in the center of the figure. The irons and baseboard are then shellacked to prevent rusting and warping.

The armature itself may be made of lead wire—one-quarter inch for a two-foot figure—but there is a composition wire which is preferable because it is stronger and firmer than lead wire, much lighter, and does not break after frequent bending. Two pieces of wire are run through the hollow of the T-joint from the baseboard, for the legs; above the T these pieces are bent out somewhat for the torso, carried across each other—where they are securely bound with smaller wire or tape—and down the opposite side for the arms. A third piece, starting from the T, is carried up through the torso and beyond the crossing of the two main pieces (where it is also secured), for the neck and head. Fine galvanized wire should then be wound around the larger wire, so that the clay will have a better surface to grip to and will not slide. A “butterfly”—two small pieces of wood laid across each other at right angles and bound together—may be hung in the torso for support of the clay, though this is not essential in small figures.

MODELLING

The clay, which should be of a consistency such as can be easily handled and yet will not stick to the fingers, is pressed on to the wire armature, in small amounts and firmly, so that it will not slide or leave air-pockets; and the leg wires are secured in the desired position by pounding clay around them on the baseboard in sufficient amount to form a rough base for the figure. When the armature has been covered to a depth of about one-half inch (still supposing a two-foot figure) and the hollow of the torso correspondingly filled in, it is well

to let the figure stand for half a day or a day—depending on the consistency of the clay and the temperature of the studio—so that it will harden somewhat and form a firmer base for the rest of the modelling.

There are many methods and techniques for adding the clay from this point on, and a thorough discussion would inevitably lead to a general consideration of theories and principles of modelling. It can be mentioned simply that there are two generally contrasting methods. With the first, clay is put on in small pellets rolled between the thumb and forefinger, with the aim of accurately indicating the final structure by every small piece of clay put on; a leg, for instance, would from the very start show its final construction—thin, to be sure, but nevertheless a leg with all the clear indications of shin, calf, ankles, knee, and so on. The contrasting method is to build up the figure far more rapidly with large lumps of clay which immediately fill out the forms to approximately, or even more than, their final size, the excess clay being then cut off, with an ordinary large-pointed kitchen knife, in broad planes to indicate the general structure. The former method aims at a minimum of cutting down—modelling all forms slowly and accurately so that their growing dimensions finally reach, but never exceed, the desired size. The latter is a method of working less by subtle modelling than in broad planes and masses which are as frequently cut down as built up—the final modelling of the planes into each other being accomplished both by adding small pieces of clay where necessary and by scraping down the sharp edges with a wooden or steel tooth-edged tool. In the first method most of the work will be done with the fingers; in the second, mostly with tools.

There are innumerable further methods of treatment as one approaches the final surface. A wet finger pressed gently over the clay will smooth out the bumps and produce a “slick” finish. If the clay has been put on in pellets, these may be left untouched and unworked-over—a surface which has the advantage of

catching more lights and shadows than a smooth surface. (It has been said that "pellet-modelling" was a mid-nineteenth-century development, along with impressionism in painting, showing the same new interest in light and color as impressionism, and even using a somewhat similar technique.) Effects of light and color may also be had by leaving some of the tool marks on the clay, or by somewhat smoothing the clay in parts and in other parts leaving it in rough pieces as it was put on. A wet brush or a plaster-scraper may be used for certain surface textures, as, for instance, on hair—though these and similar somewhat tricky devices are generally to be avoided, at least by the beginner. In any case, the choice of final surface will depend both on the sculptor's method of modelling and on the character of the particular work in hand—as well, of course, as on whether the final material is to be bronze or terra-cotta, wood or stone.

GENERAL TECHNICAL PROBLEMS

(1). The position of the armature must be accurately determined by looking at it carefully from four sides and arranging it to assume the action and the balance desired for the figure. The T-joint, to which the wires are attached and which will later be imbedded in clay, is the immovable point of the armature, so that to this point all measurements of movement and direction for the armature must be made. A plumb-line, for instance, will indicate the vertical center of the figure through this T-joint, and the position of the wires for the neck and legs and torso can be determined with reference to this vertical center. Measurements must also be taken for the length of the arms, the height of the wires which support the shoulders, width of the shoulders, and so on. This is all easily done if you are working directly from a model or from drawings which clearly show the position of the figure from several angles; without model or drawings, it is necessary either to be able to visualize the figure with a very considerable accuracy or to make a small sketch (six or eight inches) in

plasteline of a hard consistency (preferable to clay in this case because it is firmer and can be used for such small sketches without an armature). This sketch would not, of course, be carried into any detail, since its purpose is largely to facilitate the arranging of the armature by indicating the general proportions and position of the figure. The aim should be to avoid as far as possible any manipulation of the armature once the clay has been put on—even though the making of a few slight changes is usually inevitable. The fact that the armature wire is pliable—that a leg or arm can be bent or straightened, or the torso made to lean a little more to one side or the other—gives the beginner a natural temptation to achieve the final position and action and character of the figure by the trial-and-error method of shoving around the clay-covered armature. But the seemingly slower and more arduous method of putting no clay at all on the armature until the conception (whether with the help of a model or of drawings or of a small sketch, or even with none of these) is clearly formed, and then proceeding with a minimum of changes directly to the goal—such a method will probably not only prove to be shorter in the long run, but will also result in a piece of work of far clearer and more definite character and intent. It must be remembered that the mere fact of seeing clay in certain forms and positions before us will give us new ideas and so tend to alter previous conceptions; so that if the goal is not clearly visualized and directly approached, we soon find ourselves lost in a maze of vague ideas and suggestions which are the result of our aimless manipulation of armature and clay. Experimentation in the forms and positions of a figure will of course almost always be necessary, but this experimental development of one's ideas should proceed by means of the drawings and small sketches and not in the clay itself.

(2). Arising out of the same fuzziness of conception and intention which leads to a haphazard manipulation of the armature, is a similar method of handling the clay itself.

There are, as we have said, many different techniques of modelling, none of which can be dogmatically described as right or wrong, or as better or worse. But in the handling of clay there is perhaps at least this one positive "don't": whatever the method of modelling, the clay should never at any time be pushed and shoved into shape on the armature, whether with fingers or tool. The temptation here is the same as with pushing and shoving the armature: instead of carefully studying the forms of the clay, deciding on the changes, and then at one stroke adding or cutting off whatever is necessary, the beginner will often think it easier to make the change by pressing the clay into a new shape. The temptation is the same, and the result the same: sloppiness, vague ideas, indefinite forms, and weak character; and the student wonders why, working day after day, he can see no real change or progress in the figure. The virtue of the pliability of the clay is also its danger: without a firm and vigorous and consciously directioned handling, the softness of the clay becomes softness in the piece of work.

(3). There is danger for the beginner in the tendency toward modelling certain parts in considerable detail before the general proportions and construction are firmly established. Much time will of course be lost if, for instance, the shoulder-blades, having been carefully modelled, are later found to have been inaccurately placed in relation to the action of the arms and the spine—so that one must reconstruct them entirely in their new position.

(4). Another danger lies in having no fixed point of reference when making large changes of form. You are, for instance, modelling a portrait head, and have made the nose too long; so you shorten it at the tip, correspondingly raising the lips and chin. After considerable work over the whole head, you perhaps find that the bony ridge above the eyes is too low in relation to the eye, so you raise it—forgetting that in so doing you are adding to the nose the length you had previously cut off. Obviously there must be at least one point or

plane the position of which remains fixed and in reference to which all changes of form must be made; for otherwise all the forms and planes and masses will be in constantly confused and changing relation to each other. In a figure, the entrance of the figure-iron into the small of the back, and the position of various parts of the armature, indicate such fixed points.

(5). The simple but often-forgotten axiom should be pointed out that modelling in the round is three-dimensional; so that one must constantly move around the piece of work, looking at it not only from the front and back and two sides, but from every other possible angle, so that the modelling will progress uniformly from all views. And what one looks for in thus examining his work from all angles, brings up the final general question, fundamentally important, of whether one is thinking in outline or in masses. Modelling may be thought of as the process of building up an infinite series of outlines or silhouettes, all of equal importance and all in a satisfying relationship to each other; or else as a process of construction in masses and planes, where the important problem is not the resultant silhouettes, but the relationships of a number of solid three-dimensional masses. Here again we are approaching basic principles and theories of modelling, which are not within the scope of this article; but though it would be absurd to say dogmatically that one or the other of the above ideas is the better or sounder conception of what sculpture is, at least the individual, for his own clarity of purpose, should be aware of the terms and concepts in which he is working.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: In the catalogue published by Ettl Studios, Inc., 227 West 13th Street, New York City, there will be found illustrations of all the tools and equipment described. Fully detailed accounts, with illustrations, of some of the various processes explained can be found in *Modelling and Sculpture in the Making*, by Charles Sargeant Jagger; *Modelling and Sculpture*, by Albert Toft; and in the articles under "Sculpture" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.)

THE VIGNETTISTS

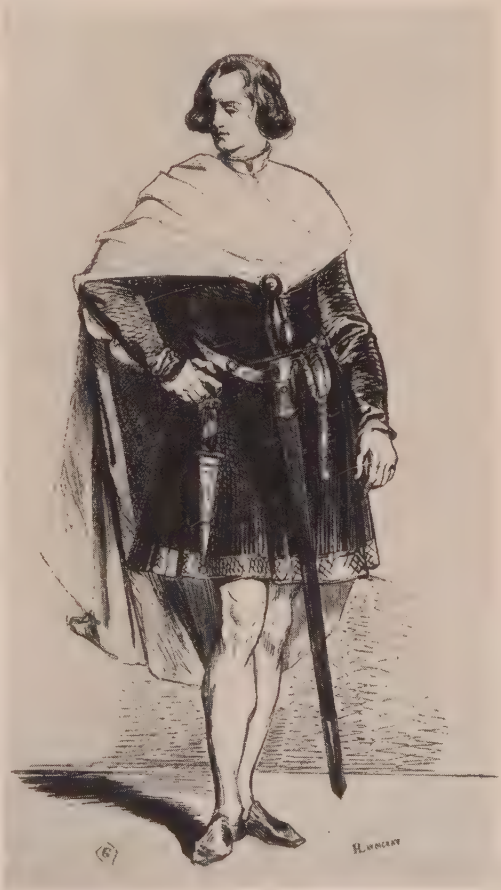
By BEAUMONT NEWHALL

THE extraordinary activity of the Romantic writers was well matched by the illustration of their work by a group of little-known artists whom the French conveniently call "les vignettistes." They deserve greater recognition, for not only do they exhibit the whole brio of Romanticism and prophesy the two branches—realism and historical genre—which issued forth from that extravagant movement, but also they are enjoyable for their own sake. A vignette, literally "little vine," is a term applied to any decoration which mingles with the text of a book, so-called because manuscript illumination often took the form of leaves and tendrils; its modern connotation, a picture with no definite boundary, is derived in turn from the work of the Romantic illustrators. Invariably facsimile wood-engravings of pen-and-ink sketches, these vignettes could be printed with the letterpress, thus facilitating the wholesale production which the spread of wealth and the rise of an educated bourgeoisie demanded.

An Englishman, Thomas Bewick, had revived the ancient art of wood-cutting in the eighteenth century. He discovered that the process was greatly simplified by substituting boxwood, cut to present the end of the grain, for planks of pear or beech, and by using the copperplate engraving tool, the burin, instead of a knife. He furthermore developed an aesthetic suitable to the new technique, conceiving his prints as drawings in white lines upon a black ground. This phase of Bewick's work was not widely recognized until years later, however, when it formed the base of present-day wood-engraving. But the newer facilities of the Englishman's discovery met with great enthusiasm. His pupils brought the practice to France where, under the Empire, it was used for the production of typographical ornaments.

When the flood of highly colorful literature which followed the Romantic revolt de-

scended upon Paris, a type of illustration equally facile and imaginative was asked for. Two were in readiness: wood-engraving and lithography. The former was more adapted to book illustration because it could be printed, as we have seen, simultaneously with the text in the ordinary press. Both, be it noted, were looked upon solely as reproductive processes; neither was appreciated for its own sake, but rather as a means for multiplying pictures. Had a more mechanical process been available, there is no doubt that it would have been used. Not until the end of the century was technique cherished for its own sake.



JEAN GIGOUX: PRINCE ENRIQUE OF SICILY
Engraved on wood by Lavoignat for Le Sage,
Gil Blas, Paris, 1835



AUGUSTE RAFFET: NAPOLEON CROSSING THE PYRENEES

Engraved on wood by Lavoignat for J. de Norvins, *Histoire de Napoléon*, Paris, 1839
 Courtesy New York Public Library

Characteristically enough, the origin of the vignettists was in a salon. Among the group that gathered at the *cénacle* of Charles Nodier in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal—where young Victor Hugo read his “Preface to Cromwell” before an excited and enthusiastic group of young men—was Tony Johannot. He was one of three brothers born in Offenbach am Main of French parents, just as the last century began its stormy career. The family moved to Paris, and there Tony was trained at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and in the Louvre, which at that time contained the imperial art conquests. Indeed, we learn that Napoleon himself, seeing the young artist at work in the Grande Galerie, praised and encouraged him. He soon became a facile draftsman, and, to support his parents, he took to hack work. It was in the Arsenal that he received his first real commission, from his genial host.

Charles Nodier had written a book which was extraordinarily fantastic even among the extravagant writings of the librarian. *The History of the King of Bohemia and His Seven*

*Castles** was a weird account of an imaginative trip through Europe in search of scholarship. It is a parody on the pedantic world. Among the fifty cuts which break into the printed page, Johannot had drawn himself leaning on the shoulder of the author. As a picture of Romanticism the double portrait is amusing and revealing. The artist quite literally depends upon the writer; Johannot the dandy presages Whistler the fop. The sketch has been reproduced by the engraver Porret—only in recent times have artists cut their own designs—with astonishing fidelity; all the minutiae of pen-and-ink work is carefully imitated. The cross-hatching on the back of the chair must have taken the smallest tool, the sharpest eye, and the steadiest hand. Let the reader visualize the engraver’s task. He is handed a block of wood painted with Chinese white on which is a pen drawing. It is his prob-

* A list of books mentioned, with their complete French titles, will be found at the end of the essay. Those desiring full bibliographical descriptions are referred to Max Sanders’s handbook, *Die illustrierten französischen Bücher des 19. Jahrhunderts*, Stuttgart, 1924.

lem to remove a layer of wood from all portions of the surface *not* drawn upon. Every white area of the final print represents the engraver's work; every black area, the artist's. Today, now that we have machines to reproduce in facsimile, we feel that such a literal interpretation of the artist's design is needless and a waste of time. But we should not allow modern prejudices to color our views. The attitude of the day was that the artist's design was the most important, and but little more attention was paid to the engraver than we give to the photo-engraver's camera which does our reproductive work.

The History of the King of Bohemia was not a financial success, and the venture plunged



TONY JOHANNOT: DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA CHARGED BY BULLS

Engraved on wood by Porret for *Don Quichotte*, Paris, 1837-38

the publisher Delangle into bankruptcy. But it was artistically effective, and was soon followed by a series of similarly illustrated books. Five years later Paulin conceived the idea of publishing a cheap illustrated edition of the ever-popular novel by Le Sage, *Gil Blas*. He hired a young artist from Besançon, Jean Gigoux, who needed money to buy the yardage of canvas and the quantities of paint and brushes that his proposed "Death of Leonardo da Vinci" required. The book was issued in parts and became so popular that increasing numbers of vignettes were added to each installment. When, after a year, the parts were collated and bound, it was found that there were no fewer than six hundred illustrations!

Gigoux's style of drawing was well adapted to the text; every phase of the romance was recorded on the wood-blocks. Especially fine is the man with a cape. The strong, clear black can be well reproduced by wood-engraving. Gigoux was able to finish his Salon picture, which was bought by the State and hung for a while in the Salon Carré of the Louvre. The painting is long since forgotten, but *Gil Blas* will always be considered among the significant illustrated books of the nineteenth century.

Spurred on by the success of Paulin, other editors launched similar projects. Tony Johannot was asked by Dubochet to illustrate a translation of *Don Quixote*. Two octavo volumes were issued, with a total of over eight hundred drawings engraved by various hands, for by 1836 the popularity of *livres à vignettes* had grown so large that veritable factories were established. Johannot entered into the spirit of Cervantes whole-heartedly, so that among the many interpretations of the Spanish classic, his remains the best up to Gustave Doré's great folio series. The vignettes are minute, full of life and vigor. The knight fairly gallops off the page, while the charge of the bulls



TONY JOHANNOT AND LOUIS FRANCAIS: PAUL EMBRACING PAWPAW TREE PLANTED BY VIRGINIA

Engraved on wood by Lacoste for Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, *Paul et Virginie*, Paris, 1838

has a power of composition and a sense of action surprising in such small compass.

These three books, chosen from several score, were printed on cheap paper and sold at moderate prices. Their success led to a more respectful regard of wood-engraving, which culminated in the *de luxe* edition of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's sentimental novel *Paul and Virginia*, published in 1838 by Curmer, one of the largest booksellers in Paris. He decided to enlist the best artists of the day and to produce a book for book-lovers. The result is certainly the most richly illustrated novel of the century. At every turn the reader meets a vignette. There is a dedication to the printer—his portrait in bas-relief surrounded by attributes of typography; one to Orrin Smith, the master-engraver; another to the publisher, Curmer; a portrait of Curmer's wife—inserted in only a few issues and consequently the collector's point. A portrait of the author, by exception engraved on steel, precedes his autobiographical preface; the text then unrolls itself between a wealth of illustrations. The usual repertory of head-pieces, tail-pieces, and chapter-initials did not offer the zealous artists enough opportunity; so every paragraph has its own initial. The most striking incidents of the story are illustrated by full-page cuts, printed on costly India paper. As a final mark of the aristocratic Curmer *Paul and Virginia*, we may note the list of artists and engravers



DAUMIER: TWO VAGABONDS FIGHTING

Engraved on wood by Petit for M. Alhoy,
Physiologie du Voyageur, Paris, 1841

—a tribute seldom paid to the illustrators and woodcutters of the period.

The greater part of the work was done by Johannot, working in collaboration with Louis Français, a specialist in foliage and best known as the popularizer, through lithographs, of Corot's landscapes. A typical print shows Paul embracing the pawpaw tree planted by Virginia. Isabey, familiar as a lithographer of great charm, took charge of the nautical aspects of the story. The initial T shows the ship *Saint Gérân*, bearing the precious burden of Virginia, pounding to pieces in the terrific hurricane. Meissonier contributed some neat, tightly-drawn landscapes and genre scenes. The detail and wealth of illustrations prove that artists were interested in more than the sentimental side of the story. The exotic island of Mauritius, where the scene is laid, fascinated them, and they revelled in representing its luxuriant jungles and extravagant plant life. The French love of arm-chair travel dates from the Romantic period, just as does the universal passion of the French mind—Napoleon.

The Napoleon legend first appeared in books at about this time. Lithographs of the Emperor's exploits had been circulated ever since lithography had been introduced into France by Napoleon's general, Baron Lejeune, but not until later did the vignettists discover the field. Laurent de l'Ardèche's biography was illustrated by Horace Vernet in a spirited and lively fashion. The modern reader, however, who cares to see in Napoleon's career more than the tumult of the battlefield, and who tires of the constant figure of the general in the cliché pose, will prefer the biography by Jacques de Norvins, illustrated by Auguste Raffet. Of the three hundred-odd woodcuts, one of the most poignant shows the crossing of the Pyrenees. In a driving storm Napoleon allows a native guide to lead his horse through the treacherous passes; his staff hardly dare trust their steeds. When, in 1840, the body of Napoleon was brought to Paris with impressive pomp and laid to rest under the dome of the Invalides, Curmer issued a little leaflet

describing the ceremony with vignettes by Isabey, Daubigny, and Meissonier.

There was another branch pursued by the vignettists. The consciousness of nationality, which grew during the turbulent course of the century, sent people to inquire about their neighbors; studies of people became increasingly popular. Under the title *The French Painted by Themselves*, Curmer, of *Paul and Virginia* fame, published in three hundred and ninety-eight parts, which form nine octavo volumes, sketches by famous artists and descriptions by well-known writers of every French type from ballet girl to diplomat.

Daumier the lithographer is famous, and Daumier the painter is at last recognized; but Daumier the vignettist is almost unknown. To see this genius at his best in this field we must turn to an amusing series of pocket-size leaflets, the *Physiologies*. His vigorous line and his wonderful simplicity readily lent themselves to the wood-engraver's reproduction. Such an illustration as that which appeared in the *Physiology of the Traveller* (1841), showing two vagabonds having at each other with quarterstaves, is a powerful drawing. It has more grip on reality than the Romantic vignettist's work, out of which it developed. Without the predecessors such a work is almost unthinkable, for Romanticism, the first adjustment of the artist to the modern world, carried realism through a period of stress; conditions permitting, the realistic stood forth, shorn of its extravagant masks.

Brought into being by the pictorial style of the Romantic writers and dependent upon the Romantic publishers, the vignettists practically died out with the February Revolution of 1848. With Gustave Doré, book illustration changed face. Vignettes yielded to full-page plates which grew to unwieldy folio size. The spirit differed; instead of a running graphic commentary on the text, the illustrations vied with it, and thus the readability was impaired. For this reason, one of the pleasant features of the earlier work is that the illustrations, for all their wealth, never got out of hand; the



TONY JOHANNOT: THE ARTIST AND CHARLES NODIER

Engraved on wood by Poirer for C. Nodier, *Histoire du roi de Bohême*, 1830

volumes always remained a convenient size. To those who enjoy illustrated books in which hardly a page is without pictorial comment, the vignettists afford a delightful treat.

BOOKS MENTIONED

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- Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de. *L'Ingenieux hidalgo Don Quichotte de la Manche*. Traduit et annoté par Louis Viardot. Vignettes de Tony Johannot. Paris, Dubochet, 1836-37. 2 vols.
- Les Français peints par eux-mêmes; encyclopédie morale du XIX^e siècle*. Paris, Curmer, 1840-42. 9 vols., including the supplement, *Le Prisme*.
- Funérailles de l'Empereur Napoléon; relation officielle de la translation de ses restes mortels depuis l'Île Sainte-Hélène jusqu'à*. Paris. Dessins de Daubigny. Paris, Curmer, 1840.
- Laurent de l'Ardèche (pseudonym of Paul Mathieu). *Histoire de l'Empereur Napoléon*. Illustré par Horace Vernet. Paris, Dubochet, 1840.
- Le Sage, Alain-René. *Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane*. Vignettes par Jean Gigoux. Paris, Paulin, 1835.
- Nodier, Charles. *Histoire du Roi de Bohême et de ses sept châteaux*. Paris, Delangle, 1830.
- Norvins, Jacques de. *Histoire de Napoléon*. Vignettes par Raffet. Paris, Furne, 1839.
- Saint-Pierre, Bernardin de. *Paul et Virginie*. Paris, Curmer, 1838.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ: THE MAN AND THE BOOK

By E. M. BENSON

FIFTY years ago a young American whose twenty-one years lay as lightly on his shoulders as his black cape (he had only recently matriculated as a student of engineering at the Berlin Polytechnic), stood staring into a shop window in the Klosterstrasse. His eyes rested on a black box perched on a tripod. If this black box were his, what would he make it say? What would he photograph? The girls who came to his table at the Café Bauer; the smell and touch of a spring rain; trees that rise above men in city streets; the changing faces of the sky; boats bracing their sails against the wind; his room, with its tapestried walls, the bird cage, the valentines; a hot sun drinking color from stone and flower; men and women, young and old, standing in doorways; horses groomed for the race, churning the earth with restless hoofs; gelded droshky horses lazily throwing off flies. Half-formed thoughts raced precipitously through his head. Alfred Stieglitz bought his first camera.

If at that moment someone had asked him what he wanted his camera to do, he would probably have said: "I want to make the kind of photographs that will make you forget that there are such things as art museums." He had visited one, the Kaiser Friedrich, at the insistent recommendation of a friend, and the memory was unpleasant. "It smelt like old leather," he said. "I walked into the street. It was raining. I felt better." He knew that he didn't want his photographs to look like the pictures in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum. From the very beginning he was aware that a photograph shouldn't imitate anything. It had to be itself. If a photograph reminded you of a painting, then it was neither one nor the other. It was a mongrel. It was easy for him to believe this. Since he knew very little about plastic traditions, his vision was formed not by seeing art, but by seeing life. No academic Do's and Don't's bound him to the past. He was free, as only a man of one and twenty can be.

He looked at the world as if no one had ever seen it. And, in truth, no one had ever seen it as he saw it. For centuries the people saw only what the painters, the poets, and the writers told them to see. They took their own world on faith. Their cottages, their pigs, their harvests, they took these for granted. Certainly these commonplace things could not be beautiful. Beauty, they imagined, was a thing apart, like the church altarpiece or the songs the poets sang. A world lay all about them, but few saw it. One had first to sprinkle it with the eau-de-cologne of romance.

Stieglitz turned his camera on the thing itself. He gave the people back to themselves. He restored their world to them. The sea that cut a pattern in the sand; the shaggy snow-capped Alps; a girl drawing water from a well; broad steps of stone endlessly rising: it was one thing to see these things; it was another thing to see them through Stieglitz's camera-eyes. He had an intuitive feeling even then for the forms he photographed and the exact compositional parts they should play within the frame of his lens, which was incredible, no matter how one attempts to account for it. Today, for lack of a better word, we might call it "modern." But Stieglitz had no name for it. It was a way of feeling, of seeing, and he couldn't have told you how he arrived at it. And yet it wasn't chance, because he did it again and again with equal perfection, seldom repeating the same problem twice. He had cut a path through the wilderness of photography with only the beat of his heart to guide him.

The actual taking of the photograph was only one-half of the job. What happened in his dark room was just as important. Here science and heartbeats were joined. One was valueless without the other. The two joined, something memorable could be produced. The creative process that began in light was completed in darkness; subtle hands and sharp eyes molded the birth of a photographic image.



Courtesy An American Place

ALFRED STIEGLITZ: NEW YORK, 1932

Art history was being made, but Stieglitz was totally unaware that he was making it. Just as Atget, a French contemporary, and Octavius Hill, a Scotchman who had lived half a century earlier, had no idea of the significance of their own contribution to photography. But Stieglitz's photographs had something that neither Hill's nor Atget's had. They not only documented an era, but they erected a scaffolding for those to come. Twenty-five years later, when the world had already passed through a series of the bloodiest artistic revolutions, the painters stood before photographs which Stieglitz had made at the turn of the century and wondered how he could have discovered so painlessly what they accomplished so painfully.

These were the photographs he made when, after ten years of living abroad, he returned to America, to find New York in the slow convulsions of the "Brown Decade." The giant, Megalopolis, was still unborn, but the seed had already been sown, and Stieglitz had caught the first sign of this in 1888 in "Five Points," a photograph of Fineberg's east-side general store. This photograph, while completely objective, cut like a sharp blade into the heart of young Manhattan, the future city of slums, skyscrapers, and billboard advertising. Stieglitz followed each step of New York's growth as closely as a mother watches her young. He saw not only the thing itself but the forces that made it possible. His horse-car photograph, "The Terminal," taken several years later, in 1892, is a milestone in Stieglitz's development as an artist and one of the most perfect statements ever made in any medium. Stieglitz has made photographs which as photographs may be regarded as purer expressions of the medium, but he will never again make a photograph that so completely marries his intuitive feeling about a subject to the organization which his intellect gives it. He was composing with his head as well as his heart. Here the whole mood and character of a period are caught for all eternity in the web of a photographic second.

From this moment on, Stieglitz seems to become increasingly aware of the formal and psychological elements that enter into his work. His feelings are being placed in the service of a directing intelligence. One begins to sense this in "Spring Showers" (1900), the most beautiful lyric ever dedicated to a young city tree, where the broken reflection which the tree casts on the wet pavement is used to define and tighten the spatial element of the photograph. This conscious use of the formal and structural components in a photograph is even more deliberately employed in the series of pictures which Stieglitz made three years later of the trains in the New York Central yards, and in his famous photograph called "Steerage," which was taken on his return from a short trip abroad in 1907. When, many years later, this photograph was shown to Picasso, he said: "This is exactly what I've been trying to say in paint!" Whether or not Picasso meant just that, at least one thing is certain: "Steerage" is one of the finest products of creative observation made by any artist. It antedated Léger's architectural use of mechanical forms by at least ten years, and it must have served as a source of inspiration for the realistic scenic designers here and abroad. It was a brand new note in art, and in the observation of humanity.

New York's horizon was changing. A new city of tall buildings was rapidly displacing the old. Stieglitz watched this from the ferry slips on the Jersey shore. From behind white bulkheads he photographed the ferries as they slid out like plump seals into the broad river. Back in the "city of ambition," mammoth dredges were sinking their steel jaws into the bowels of the earth. Stieglitz photographed these excavations and the buildings that filled deep cavities of earth and sky. He liked best to photograph unfinished buildings that were still part of the air, before the masons had turned them into prisons of stone and brick and before the city became a vast valley of shadows.

In the meantime, in 1905, Stieglitz opened the Photo-Secession Gallery, later known as

ALFRED
STIEGLITZ:

LIGHT AND
SHADOW,
BERLIN, 1887



*Courtesy
An American
Place*

"291," for the purpose of exhibiting photographs, the work of others as well as his own. People came and asked questions. Stieglitz answered as many as he could. Before he knew it, he found himself acting as official interpreter for photography, fighting for its right to live as a form of creative expression. In 1907 Stieglitz widened the scope of his exhibitions to include painting and sculpture. Many of those who were later to be recognized as the forerunners of "modern art" had their first American exhibitions in these rooms. Rodin, Matisse, Cézanne, Rousseau, Picasso,

Brancusi—they all made their American début at "291." Their work was as new to Stieglitz as it was to the crowds of wide-eyed visitors. Stieglitz found himself defending the right of the artist to create his own world. It was the will to create, fighting against the will to imitate. Stieglitz waged this war with pictures and words, his own and those of others: the work of Marin, Hartley, Dove, Maurer, O'Keeffe; the words of Stieglitz challenging smugness, excoriating the art profiteers.

Between 1905, when the doors of "291" were opened, and 1917, when they were closed,

Stieglitz photographed mainly during the summers at Lake George or during lulls in the twelve-year war carried on at "291." The closing of "291" made it possible for Stieglitz to return to photography, to which he devoted himself uninterruptedly until 1925. Too much had happened in the interim for him to photograph as he once had. He knew the bitterness of battle; he saw clearly the forces at work ready at a moment's notice to cripple or destroy everything that was vital in life or art. New York was in the throes of the Jazz Age, Big Business, the picture newspaper. It was the age of the great deception. Stieglitz felt impotent to fight against this with his hands, but he could put down what he felt in photography. On "The Hill" at Lake George he photographed a vital section of a thirty-seven-year-old gelded horse and called it "Spiritual America." This cynicism had its effect on his photography. It was stripped clean of the kind of sentiment which we find in "Light and Shadows," "The Terminal," and "Spring Showers." It was reduced to its simplest common denominators. At Lake George also, he photographed the barn; dry clusters of tall grass; the sun stealing through short grass, cutting it into liquid ribbons of light and shadow; the white frame house in which he lived; the dying poplars and chestnuts standing before it, beautiful in death, stretching naked limbs against the sky. Then there was the sky. Always the sky. He photographed it as he did the faces, the hands, and the bodies of those he loved, with wisdom, and tenderness, and understanding. Looking at the sky, he felt free again, free of the city of great deceptions.

In 1925 he opened the Intimate Gallery; in 1930 An American Place. The spirit that animated "291" existed here, too. But it was a spirit grown slightly tired, perhaps monastic. It was feeding on the past, not living entirely in the present. A kind of "I-told-you-so" defeatism permeated the atmosphere. Siegfried had grown old and had taken to telling fire-side stories. Action was replaced by words,

mystic twilight words that gave no warmth and little light. Outside the white and gray walls of An American Place was the city of skyscrapers, the towers of Babel. Stieglitz photographed them in light and darkness without love, or hate, or pity, or resentment. They might have been stacks of wheat, or trees, or people in a landscape. He had said his say. He had photographed the body and soul of a people and a city. * * *

And now a group of persons who have been close to Stieglitz at some time during these long years, whether actually or in spirit, have finally put down their thoughts about him, his work, his talk, and the relation and meaning of all these things to them and to America. This they call *America and Alfred Stieglitz, a Collective Portrait*,* and they have made a big, beautifully illustrated book of it that will make more than thirty thousand members of the Literary Guild, and hundreds of others, wonder what it is all about. If they are skeptical readers they will ask themselves many questions: "Can Stieglitz be all these things, or even some of the things these writers say he is? Is it possible for one man to be omniscient? Haven't they made a godhead of him, another Christ walking on the waves, dividing a few fish among thousands, making the blind see, scourging the money-changers?" "It's too good to be true," they will say. "There must be a hitch somewhere." And there is.

Since 1905 when Stieglitz opened his first gallery, he has done a lot of talking. He said many wise things and some that were not so wise. What one took for wisdom in 1905 sounded pretty flat in 1925, and sounds flatter still in 1935. It wasn't Stieglitz who had changed, but his audience. The same talk of eternal verities that hypnotized listeners in 1905 didn't make any stir in their consciousness a quarter of a century later. In short, Stieglitz didn't keep up with the parade.

Only one of the twenty-five contributors to this book, Harold Clurman, dares to say this.

* Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1934. Price, \$3.50.



Courtesy An American Place

ALFRED STIEGLITZ: THE TWO POPLARS, LAKE GEORGE, 1934

Most of the others sound like trained seals, good little Stieglitz disciples who have learnt their catechism. The women spread on their adoration thickest. Dorothy Brett, painter and author of a book on D. H. Lawrence, who first met Stieglitz at "291," gives an impassioned testimonial of her admiration for Stieglitz. Dorothy Norman is a perfect product of the Stieglitz laboratory. To her Stieglitz is God the Father, and the Holy Ghost. She does not say this in so many words. But one feels it in every syllable. What she does in her article (it is long, and Steiniesque, and oh, so cosmic) on *An American Place*, is to give us a "thus spake Stieglitz" distillation of the master's philosophy—with all its glaring contradictions. Apparently Mrs. Norman doesn't think they are contradictions or she would have voiced her own point of view. Undoubtedly there's a kernel of truth to most of Stieglitz's *obiter dicta*, but many of them are mangled by yogism, fatalism, transcendentalism—and many other forms of rationalized blindness, the poisoned fruit of compromise. Then there is Elizabeth McCausland's piece on *Stieglitz and the American tradition*, in which she attempts by means of ratiocinative sleight-of-hand to pair Stieglitz off with Emerson, Whitman, and Emily Dickinson on the grounds that he also "derives from the American tradition" and "exemplifies the American character." All of which, it seems to me, signifies nothing. Some of the conclusions which Evelyn Howard reaches in her article, *The Significance of Stieglitz for the Philosophy of Science*, are equally untenable. As for Evelyn Scott's *Note on the Esthetic Significance of Photography*, I can scarcely tell you what it means: I found it totally incomprehensible.

The male contributors come off considerably better. William Carlos Williams heads the procession with an article on the *American Background* that is an incisive analysis of the cultural-economic currents in old and new America. It does seem, however, that he has strained his thesis to find a place for Stieglitz in it. Lewis Mumford doesn't tell us much

more about Stieglitz than Williams, but he does paint a brilliant picture of *The Metropolitan Milieu* which you won't readily forget. Paul Rosenfeld helps to round out the picture by giving us a straightforward, if rambling, account of Stieglitz's childhood and youth. Waldo Frank goes off into metaphysics and posits some nebulous statements about the great mystic artists, among whom he lists Blake, St. Francis, and Stieglitz. Herbert Seligmann provides a valuable report of the forces at work in and around Stieglitz from 1905 to about 1925. Child Bayley's article, *Photography Before Stieglitz*, is one of the most important documents in the book. Harold Rugg's piece, *The Artist and the Great Tradition*, reads like a scholarly sermon delivered before a group of graduate students at Teachers' College. Jean Toomer, Marin, Dove, Gertrude Stein, Jennings Tofel, Sherwood Anderson, Hartley, and others are represented by personal, often lyrical, tributes.

These writers, in their desire to lift Stieglitz to the summits of Parnassus, have neglected to tell us very much about the one phase of the man's activity that will have any value for posterity, his photographs. This, however, may be less the fault of the individual contributors, who had their subjects assigned to them, than the result of the ponderous way in which the book was planned by its editors. By attempting to omit nothing that might be even remotely related to Stieglitz, the real Stieglitz, the man with the camera, was lost in the shuffle. Obviously, the editors were more concerned with impressing than enlightening their readers.

Despite its shortcomings, this book is the only one that attempts to reconstruct and interpret the cultural background in which Stieglitz lived, photographed, and fought verbally for what he thought was right and good in art. And as such, with its one hundred and twenty illustrations and other valuable documentary material, it will remain the only source book on Stieglitz, until it is displaced, we hope, by one more clear-visioned and less diffusely conceived.

BRYSON
BURROUGHS:

FUNERAL
OF ADONIS



THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

By FORBES WATSON

THE death of Bryson Burroughs, on November sixteenth, was a national loss. Neither in his capacity as curator nor in the hearts of his friends will he be replaced. Burroughs had something rarer than the recognizable and measurable. He had imponderable abilities which elude explanation. A curator equally knowing, experienced, industrious, sincere, and understanding, will not in any important way replace the curator which the Metropolitan Museum has lost through his death. Nor will the finding of a friend equally witty, charming, civilized, and thoughtful, repair his loss as a friend.

To boast of Burroughs as "great," leader though he was, or to attribute to him superhuman qualities, would be the kind of breach of taste that he detested most. Nothing was neater than his gently accurate placing of a dart in ballooned reputations, and to attempt to blow up his reputation would be to prove unfaithful to a long and cherished friendship. No, to pour greatness into Burroughs's shoes will not fill them. The qualities that he emanated were distinction and rarity. It never occurred to me to compare him—as painter, curator, and man—with anyone else. As I have

said before, to measure his qualities by the ordinary fallible methods would be to misapprehend.

He combined a curiously penetrating sense of the intricacies of men's activities (particularly when they concern themselves with the making, acquiring, or disposing of art) with an other-worldliness that made him at once delightfully disarming to cruder mortals and gently cynical about their brashnesses. His cynicism was as mild as his wit was subtle. To his observations on men's unworthy struggles to "get on" he brought the tolerance of a man alien to such struggles.

I often used to rave in print about the management of the Hearn fund, about the feeble pictures to which its income sometimes has been devoted, about the continued hanging of a weak picture and the storing of a strong picture. We were good enough friends for that. Burroughs smiled and in return told me many, many stories which, alas, he would not like to have me print. His motives, once understood, fitted into the pattern of his character. The other-worldliness of Burroughs went naturally with a long vision. He looked far ahead and far back. He stood above the milling rows of

the moment, weighing them in perspective. He had seen taste change too often to be swept off his feet like the uninitiated. He was our most initiated critic of painting.

Under the régime of Dr. Edward Robinson, who brought the Museum far away from the amateurish régime of Sir Purdon Clark and who organized an impressive staff, carried out great building projects, enormously increased the funds and acquisitions of the Museum, Burroughs could have fought obstinately against the National Academy's influence on the use of the Hearn Fund. In that battle he would have been defeated. He preferred to keep pressing for great pictures from all periods and countries. Rather than be chewed to pieces in a battle with commercially-minded wolves, he preferred to discover a Thomas Eakins, to work for a Winslow Homer, to secure a Ryder, to be the first American curator to buy a Cézanne, to uncover a superb Brueghel, to discover a Michelangelo drawing or a Greco, to recommend a Van Eyck that would glorify any museum in the world—in other words to seek out rarities in the acquisition of which no time could be wasted.

The arguments on each side are endless. Yet it seems to me that to regard the painting collection of the Metropolitan before the era of Burroughs and to regard it now is to be compelled to admit, above all petty arguments and disagreements, that for a quarter of a century or so the Metropolitan Museum has had the great good fortune to enjoy the services of the most broad-minded, intuitive, sagacious, and informed curator of his day. Burroughs was the real discoverer of Eakins and the critical literature on Eakins would not have been written except for his spade work. He bought Eakins when no other museum was aware of his quality. He was quietly far ahead of his time in many other judgments, and the reason why the Metropolitan Museum now enjoys the benefits of his intuitive wisdom is because he was more politic than the politicians, more sagacious than the intriguers, and more far-sighted than his critics.

(An additional note about the work of Bryson Burroughs as a curator, with illustrations of a few of the great acquisitions which he sponsored, will appear in our February issue.)

THE WHITNEY'S SECOND BIENNIAL

The Whitney Museum of American Art, in its Second Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, lives up to its established liberal tradition. On these occasions the Museum does not resort to buffer juries or camouflaged lists. It does its duty as it sees it, inviting the artists in whose work it is interested, and asking no one else to take the blame, if any, for its decisions. After selecting the artists to be represented in the exhibition it permits each artist to select the picture which he wishes to contribute. This year it strikes me that there is a definite advance over the powers of selection which the artists evinced in the first Biennial.

The Museum has always done its part for the artists valiantly. In return, the artists, with few exceptions, have realized their obligation to step up and make the present occasion a noteworthy one. It is not necessary to insist too much on the fact that the Museum had announced its intention to set aside the sum of twenty thousand dollars for the purchase of pictures from this exhibition for its permanent collection. A similar intention was made known before the first Biennial and the artists did not respond nearly so well as they have this time.

Artists are often strangely unreliable judges of their own work, and so perhaps the improvement is purely accidental, or perhaps the painters are feeling more competitive than usual in these hard times. Possibly they are painting better, or it may be that the new talents, included for the first time in the Museum's hospitality, are responsible for the added enlivenment. A gratifying proportion of the exhibitors worked last year for the Public Works of Art Project. Doubtless out of the Museum's energetic coöperation in that famous governmental undertaking came its director's and curator's new discoveries.

The fearless spirits among the artists have always been more at home in the Whitney Museum than the plodding repeaters of already achieved success and the present exhibition, in its unusually comprehensive statement, advances the more liberal phases of American painting. But I do not wish to imply that the exhibition is one-sided. The alive conservatives,

in limited numbers, even the reactionary abstractionists of twenty years ago, are represented—since there are still some of them left; and many of the liberals (realists and romanticists of today) are here.

In contrast to the old-fashioned type of large American exhibition, this one is remarkably free from routine studio arrangements. The artists, for the most part, are showing a lively response to the life they see. Possibly they are going native in too much of a hurry and in some cases being a wee bit sheepish about tagging subject-matter too obviously labeled "American."

It is no doubt natural for people living in or near New York to be impressed (perhaps oppressed) by the torrent of human beings continually climbing over each other all over the place. This being the case, it is not surprising that the artist should choose the crowd as subject-matter for his interpretation of American life. I suppose most people would



MORRIS KANTOR: SKYROCKET

In the Whitney Museum's Second Biennial



WILLARD NASH: PORTRAIT OF MY WIFE

In the Whitney Museum's Second Biennial

agree that Americans are peculiarly vulnerable to the charge of faddism and are apt to follow each other pell-mell in a fashion once started, only to abandon it before the vein is really exhausted. One fashion of the moment is to paint crowds and the game is being pursued with gusto.

A robust response to actuality, however, is by no means the only note struck. There are formalized designs in considerable variety such as the "Arrangement" by Stuart Edie, "Yesterday and Today" by Konrad Cramer, "Shaker Building" by Charles Sheeler, "Near Avenue A" by Niles Spencer, "Rodeo" by Frank Mechau, Jr., "Zebras—Equus Burchelli" by Karl Free, and "Musical Instruments" by Mary Prindiville.

Serious study of the model, in some cases with the element of portraiture, and in others without such intention, has absorbed the effort of William Glackens, George Biddle, Eugene Speicher, Raphael Soyer, and Peppino Mangravite.

Still life subjects are rather less in evidence than usual, though by no means abandoned by such gifted painters as Max Weber and Alexander Brook. Mr. Brook's still life is certainly one of the handsomest canvases in the show,



KARL FREE: ZEBRAS—EQUUS BURCHELLI

The pictures reproduced on these two pages are
in the Whitney Museum's Second Biennial

ALEXANDER BROOK: THE SENTINELS





JOE JONES: WHEAT

HERMON MORE: LANDSCAPE



and the unaffected, well-painted still life by Nan Watson, also takes its stand against a too volatile pursuit of the timely.

Landscape is interpreted in many moods. Leon Kroll is at his best in his "Road Through the Willows," and other artists whose landscapes represent their varied talents to exceptionally good advantage are: H. Varnum Poor, Joe Jones, Louis Bouché, Marsden Hartley, Joseph Pollet, Hayley Lever, Hermon More, Edward Bruce, Bernard Karfiol, David Morrison, Henry Mattson, and Louis Eilsheimius.

Landscape with figures provides the subject for notable canvases by Allen Tucker, Maurice Sterne, Ben Benn, the late Bryson Burroughs, Nicolai Cicovsky, Waldo Pierce, and Morris Kantor.

The exhibition, as a whole, gives a most encouraging demonstration that despite hard times our artists are far from downhearted.

THE MODERN MUSEUM'S ANNIVERSARY

The Modern Museum is celebrating its Fifth Anniversary by holding an exhibition so large that it taxes the Museum's capacity,



ISAMU NOGUCHI: PORTRAIT OF GERSHWIN

In the Fifth Anniversary Show at the Museum of Modern Art

made up of works of painting and sculpture selected by the Museum's Director, Mr. Alfred Barr. The Director's purpose in making his choice of work has been to indicate which, in his opinion, would be desirable items to add to the Museum's permanent collection.

(But before proceeding with a review of this impressive array of art, I should like to go on record personally by stating how much Alfred Barr has done, in his services as Director of the Museum of Modern Art, for the community of New York and for the country at large in stimulating both the appreciation and the creation of art. Under difficult conditions he has done a masterly job with great seriousness of purpose and outstanding ability. Mr. Barr has set up a new standard for exhibition catalogues and he is never scared into following the accepted path, as witness his omissions in the current exhibition. He has been so cultivating and stimulating a force in America during the past five years that I hope he will have many more flourishing anniversaries.)

Returning to the subject of paragraph one. In a certain proportion of the work shown, Mr. Barr is on perfectly secure footing. In the remainder he flings a courageous challenge to the trustees, the public, and the artist. In attempting to make some estimate of the validity of his contentions, it is necessary to pose the question: What should be the function of a Museum of Modern Art? Should its resources be expended in acquiring first-rate examples by artists generally acceptable to people of knowledge and taste, or should it try to lead the way in offering a selection based on the judgment of a very few enthusiasts? This exhibition proposes, more or less, to write the art history of today.

The activities of the Museum, in the five years of its existence, have maintained a high standard of quality. Has it succeeded more in stimulating interest in art as art, in fostering appreciation of fine things, or in instigating speculation about art movements? The answers to these questions must be divided.

There has been a certain amount of discussion recently about the proposal to make the Museum of Modern Art an auxiliary to the Metropolitan Museum, playing to the Metropolitan the part played by the Luxembourg to

the Louvre. I feel that such a change in the status of the two institutions would be a deplorable error. Why should the display of art become a monopoly in the hands of one gigantic organization? The more variety we have the richer we are, and from the very rivalries of such smaller institutions as the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum of American Art, the public reaps a benefit. It seems more desirable that each should maintain its character as an entity, as individual as that of an artist.

In the five short years of its life, the Museum of Modern Art has made a valuable contribution to the community. It is not necessary, it is not even desirable, that everyone should agree with its staff on all points of æsthetic judgment. That it has filled a definite want in the city's life is proved by the vast numbers of people who have visited its exhibitions. The Metropolitan is of course indispensable, but if it should happen that the large institution should swallow the smaller, I think the loss would be far greater than the gain.

The present exhibition is divided between the classics of modern art and those works which still occupy debatable ground. The general effect, at least on the lower floors, is distinctly impressive. Sculpture, being hard to get upstairs, occupies the ground floor rooms. A fine bronze, a partly draped woman's figure of heroic proportions by Lehmbruck, commands the entrance gallery. Here, too, is one of Gaston Lachaise's monstrous female torsos, heavy and aggressive. Maillol's work, sound and robust as it is, looks almost over-refined by comparison. Brancusi, Despiau, Epstein, Kolbe, Laurent, and Zorach show important pieces. Three powerful bronze male heads that provoke comparisons are by Maurice Sterne, Duchamp-Villon, and Isamu Noguchi. Many of the other works in the group belong, like the foregoing, to the realms of legitimate sculpture. But there are other pieces to which the name could not be applied with equal confidence. The Museum evidently recognized the difficulty, for the catalogue lists "Sculpture and Constructions." So under the head of "Construction" must come Alexander Calder's quaint contraption in pipe, wire, and wood,

(Continued on page 61)



WILHELM LEHMBRUCK:
STANDING FEMALE FIGURE (1910)

Selected from the Museum of Modern Art's permanent collection for the Fifth Anniversary Exhibition



HANS MEMLING: MADONNA AND CHILD

Recently acquired by the Cleveland Museum of Art. Purchased from the Delia E. Holden and L. F. Holden Funds

SPEAKING ABOUT ART

The Carnegie Rents Pictures

CANADA, according to Eric Brown of the National Gallery, has not had sufficient opportunity to become acquainted with the art of the United States, and the Trustees of the Gallery have long been anxious to secure a representative exhibition for circulation. An appeal to the Carnegie Corporation resulted this year in the arrangement of a show which will tour not only Canada but New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa as well, and will be on the road two years.

Selected by a committee appointed by the Corporation, the Exhibition of Contemporary Paintings by Artists of the United States provides few surprises that appear on the surface. The expected names are there, and of ninety-nine artists represented, seventy-three are from New York and vicinity. Under the surface lurks a definite novelty. Each artist who has lent a picture will receive a rental of one per cent of the net price of his canvas each month during the length of the circuit, and the dealer through whom the paintings are borrowed receives a "service fee" of ten dollars per canvas.

The habit of circulating exhibitions is only about twenty-five years old, but in that time has become one of the art world's major pre-occupations—infesting national organizations, museums, foundations, dealers, and the Government. An enormous amount of art is constantly being shifted from place to place. Started with the laudable purpose of increasing art appreciation, all this enterprise has been of benefit to communities throughout the country, to the insurance companies, the railroads, and in some cases even to the circulating agencies, but it has not noticeably benefited the artists who are the innocent cause of it all. "Art lovers" may have sprung into being in the wake of every traveling show, but very few of them have ever loved art well enough to buy it.

Consequently the artist has allowed his paintings to be removed from a place where he or his dealer might possibly find a purchaser for them and sent out to dispense joy. At the end of a year or two they are returned to him with thanks and he is precisely where he was before. Everyone has coöperated to en-

able as many people as possible to see as much art as possible with as low fees as possible, and everybody feels virtuous and public spirited—except the artist, who feels hungry.

Back of the Carnegie's new exhibition plan may be the recognition that most of the effort of the past has been spent on the people who appreciate, or think they do, rather than on the artists who produce. The appreciation of art has become easier and easier and freer and freer, and very little of it has got beyond the lecture and exhibition and museum stage. Certainly no broad market for works of art, no private patronage of artists, have followed the widening path of culture.

The exhibition for the British Dominions is, of course, a subsidized show. Anyone who wishes to do a little mental arithmetic will arrive at the approximate cost of renting ninety-nine pictures from artists and dealers for two years. This expense, added to the normal costs of selection, packing, insurance, and transportation, makes traveling exhibitions anything but cheap. Most exhibitions cannot depend on subsidies; they have to support themselves, or nearly support themselves, by fees, and the fees that would have to be charged to support exhibitions paid for in this way would by no means be the "nominal" sums that art lovers have paid in the past. The result probably would be many fewer exhibitions and considerably more benefit to the artists from those that continued—a solution not entirely to be lamented. We would at least be supporting in part the thing we talk so much about.

Art has been in the free benefit class for so long that it is practically a charity, burdened with the sentimentality and lack of realism that sometimes unfortunately adhere to charities. To insist on the amateur spirit for professional artists is to pauperize them, and to exact of them more than we would dream of requiring of anybody else.

Master Drawings at Buffalo

A DISTINGUISHED exhibition of "Master Drawings" was held recently at the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, examples of nearly six centuries of European draughtsman-

ship, from the school of Giotto to Toulouse-Lautrec. We are sorry that limited space prohibits our reproducing more of these exquisite and intimate masterpieces, which too infrequently see public exhibition. Agnes Mongan says in her introduction to the catalogue:

"Never before in this country has there been shown at one time a group of drawings of greater significance, wider variety, or finer quality than those assembled in the present exhibition. Less than a decade ago it would have been impossible to hold an exhibition of such scope and importance. At that time many of the greatest draughtsmen were still unrepresented in American collections. The last few years have seen, however, a great awakening of interest in fine drawings. The brilliant and varied examples, brought together in the present exhibitions, through the generous coöperation of American museums and collectors, offer visible proof that the new interest is not only appreciative but also keenly critical.

"In this collection of little more than one hundred drawings there is concentrated the history of European draughtsmanship during the past five centuries. Every important school or movement (with a single unavoidable exception) from the time of the early Renaissance in Italy until the closing years of the nineteenth century is represented, either in the drawings of those in whom the movements have their origin, or of those in whom were most concentrated the characteristic qualities of their time. As it is in drawing that the real intention and essential character of a man or movement are most clearly revealed, the present exhibition is more than an abstract or a synopsis. Rather it is a distillation."

Wisconsin Students and Artists

THE first university-sponsored art show held exclusively for painters and graphic artists of the Wisconsin Region was held from November fifteenth to December ninth in the gal-



REMBRANDT:

DEATH AND
THE MISER

Lent by Joseph
E. Widener to
the Albright Gal-
lery's Exhibition
of Master
Drawings

EDGAR
DEGAS:

STUDY FOR
THE
PORTRAIT
OF MME.
JULIE
BURTIN

Lent by
Paul J. Sachs
to the Albright
Gallery's Exhibi-
tion of Master
Drawings



lery of the Wisconsin Union, energetic student organization which F. A. Gutheim discussed in our October issue. James Watrous writes us that the unusual success of the show, which attracted five thousand students and faculty members daily, should be credited to the students comprising the Wisconsin Union Gallery Committee, who assumed entire charge.

Jury of selection and award included Grant Wood, Iowa painter; C. J. Bulliet, critic of the *Chicago Daily News*; and Professor Oskar Hagen of the University's Art History Department. They gave first prize in water color to Santos Zingale's "Memorial Day Parade."

Murals, Citizenship, and Labels

IT is probably to Mexico that we owe our present mural consciousness, which has increased with a rapidity more characteristic of a fashion than a development of inner necessity. The Museum of Modern Art held a mural exhibition some three and a half years ago, it will be remembered, and revealed a goodly number of easel painters who had tried to become mural painters over night so as to be included. Critics deplored the absence of a genuine mural school. Whether we now have a mural school is difficult to prove one way or another, but we unquestionably have murals,



COLUMN FROM THE CHURCH OF NOTRE
DAME LA DAURADE, TOULOUSE

French, Fifth-Sixth Century. Recently acquired by the
Fogg Art Museum

and in a number of unexpected places we have frescoes—even “true” ones.

After many years of tucking our art into museums and venerating it, it is healthy to have murals appearing in bars and reform

schools. The experience will probably be as beneficial to art as to the inhabitants of either of those institutions. The social importance of the mural is undeniable, but as a medium it has delusions of grandeur. It seems to be generally felt that a mural is a more important work of art than an easel picture because it is a mural—that there is something large and important inherent in the medium. It is highly doubtful if the difficulty and durability of the truest of fresco will immortalize a talent that chances to be small. And it is regrettable that some painters apparently prefer to do poor murals than good easel paintings. However, we object only to the inflated mural, not the mural at par value.

* * *

Los Angeles, according to Barse Miller, Chairman of the Art Association Mural Committee, has a finer opportunity for using mural painting as a civic attraction than any other world community. Mr. Miller spoke at the opening of the mural painting exhibition held during November in the Public Library gallery and emphasized the need of coöperation between architects, engineers, and painters:

“This new age of steel and concrete, plus the abundant sunshine of California, points to a development of a form of mural painting which will not only help in the creation of architecture typically our own, but will at the same time crystallize the ideals of American citizenship which have heretofore never been expressed.”

Nelson Partridge, Jr., former secretary of the Public Works of Art Project in Southern California, stated that there was every reason to hope for local continuation of the Federal project under which more than two hundred thousand dollars worth of murals were created in that region at a cost of less than twenty per cent of that amount. “Southern California,” said Mr. Partridge, “has the talent, the ideals and the finances for doing this work. All that is now needed is a further coördination of effort.”

As a first step in coördinating, he urged the immediate formation of a permanent California State Art Project, similar to that recently established by the State of Indiana.

More mural news was afforded by the Ever Ready Label Corporation, New York City, which announced a mural competition in order "to enable new talent to imbue with fresh force the allied fields of American art." Subjects chosen were: the development of labels from the earliest clay tablets and mummy labels to those of the present day, along one wall of the reception room; and as a separate unit, "The Loyalty of Labor to Industry," a factor, they point out, upon which the success of the label or any other industry depends.

The jury for the competition consisted of Hildreth Meiere, mural painter, etc., Julian Clarence Levi, architect, Richard F. Bach, Director of Industrial Relations, Metropolitan Museum, and Sidney Hollaender, President of the Ever Ready Label Corporation. As we go to press the results of the contest have not yet been announced. Winner of the commission is to receive five hundred dollars; three other artists who reach the finals will receive seventy-five dollars each.

Information about the contest was issued in a pamphlet. In concluding the note to contributing painters, officials said: "We, at Ever Ready, are enthused at the possibility of the results that will be obtained for our own decorations and are prepared to publicize the efforts of those who respond to our invitation. We intend to be instrumental in bringing the work of promising artists into the industrial and advertising limelight with a view to interesting industry generally to participate in similar projects."

Accessions

THE Cleveland Museum announces the acquisition for the Holden Collection of Hans Memling's "Madonna and Child," of about 1485-87. The picture, which is in excellent condition, is unusual for its gold background.

A column shaft of exceptional importance has become the property of the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, as the gift of Mr. Grenville L. Winthrop, of New York. Two similar columns belong to the Metropolitan Museum, and two have recently been obtained by the



STONE KWANYIN, T'ANG DYNASTY

A recent accession of the Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester

Louvre. They were all once a part of the demolished church of Notre Dame la Daurade in Toulouse, which may date back to the end of the fifth century, in the time of the Visigothic princes. The vine and grape motif show plainly the influence of Constantinople.

(Continued on page 60)

NEW BOOKS ON ART

China and Japan

By René Grousset; translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. Vols. III and IV of "The Civilizations of the East" series. New York, 1934. Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher. Price, each, \$5.00.

THIS series is an important work and an ambitious one. M. Grousset has set out, as it says on the jacket, to present "the political, social and literary backgrounds" for the art of the countries dealt with, "enabling the reader to follow, step by step, the whole cultural development of Oriental civilization." For these two volumes, "the aim is to give the reader who is not a specialist a complete introduction to the Art of China and Central Asia . . . and of Japan."

One has a right to expect great things of this eminent Orientalist, and at first sight his ambitious aim would seem to have been realized. The volumes are attractive in appearance, a handy size, printed in clear type on good paper, and there is a profusion of illustrations. There is evident an immense amount of scholarly material brought together in these books. But if "the reader who is not a specialist" hopes to get much out of them he is, I fear, doomed to disappointment unless he has more patience than most beginners—and a decided taste for the flamboyant style.

The set should be reviewed as a whole. However, we may say for these volumes that they are valuable for four reasons:

(1) Each follows an outline fundamentally sound, because chronological, and the attempt is to present a series of pictures of art and life in China and Japan, following closely upon one another so as to emphasize the constant change or evolution going on, and yet bring out what was basically characteristic of the country's art. We like the plan.

(2) There is a splendid bibliography in the form of footnotes, so that a regular course of reading might be followed with this work as an outline upon which to enlarge.

(3) The chapters on the art of the steppes and on Central Asia are the best concise résumés of those arts that we know of.

(4) For the advanced student the text is in-

teresting and tremendously stimulating, even in spite of a constant inclination to disagree or an angry impatience with M. Grousset's grandiose style which makes it difficult to follow his meaning.

For there are many glaring faults which keep these works from attaining the high aim of the author. There is too much material crammed in undigested, or, at best, entangled in flowery language so that one must constantly be retranslating to oneself. M. Grousset expresses himself largely in analogy, metaphor, and imagery which is often far from transparent, until one's mind is confused and bewildered by the flood of modifying adjectives, of comparisons, and seeming inconsistencies. Some people love such a style—they will enjoy these books for that if for no other reason. It is not wholly fair to quote out of context, but the following sample is characteristic:

The purely formal plastic conventions of Alexandria and Rome were emptied of their content: a spiritualized Greco-Roman art, purified of its "narcissism," tore itself away from self-contemplation and was borne upward out of itself toward the sphere of transcendental idealism and ardent mysticism. And it was this neo-Ghandarian "proto-Gothic" which the China of the fourth century was to receive by way of the oases of the Gobi Desert. (III, p. 178, on Buddhism and Wei sculpture.)

This sort of thing is, it seems to me, rather hard on the simple "reader who is not a specialist"! Combined with this "metaphysical style" is a taste for compound geographical and period terms which amounts almost to an obsession. The pages are spattered with such as these: Turko-Mongol, Sino-Tartar, Chaldeo-Iranian, Greco-Persian, Sasanid-Iran, Sino-Sasanid, Arabo-Persian, Gupta-Indian, Gallo-Roman, Sino-Korean, Indo-Greek, Chino-Japanese, Sino-Indian, and even Sasano-Greco-Buddhist. And then there is a host of "neo's" and "proto's." M. Grousset evidently loves definitions and characterizations, but his mind is so stocked with facts that he cannot be content with simple and direct statements—or else he has not the gift of words for stating his ideas

clearly. His eye takes in so many details that he fails to pick out the few really distinguishing characteristics of an object—witness his clumsy descriptions of Chinese bronze vessels.

The constant recurrence of unfortunate choices of words is in great measure due to the translation, and merely goes to show that only one who knows the subject and is acquainted with the accepted terms in the other language should be allowed to translate such works. The *lei-wên* is called a “Greek fret,” the bronze buckles and belt hooks of Han are termed “fibulæ,” *sang-de-bœuf* is translated “bullock’s blood.” The restoration and unification of the Chinese empire is said to have *survived* the Sui dynasty and lasted through T’ang. We take exception to the translation of *t’ien wang* as “rulers of the heavens”; the proper term is “heavenly rulers,” which is something quite different. It is incorrect to call *Kshitigarbha* a “judge.”

But for other statements the author alone is to blame. He implies that on the advent of Buddhism in China, Chinese thought and art underwent a transformation “within a few years.” It took centuries! He calls the *ushnisha* a “knot of hair.” He does not seem to know that the T’ang T’ai Tsung stone reliefs of horses are no longer *in situ*. The flying angel on page 40, Volume IV, is *not* from Horyuji; the portrait by T’eng Ch’ang-yu is *not* a representation of Lu Tung-pin. In characterizing the art of Ma Yüan and Hsia Kuei he has *reversed* them. These are minor but annoying mistakes. More serious is his complete misunderstanding of the character of T’ang art. The powerful forms and large muscles of the *lokapala*, in particular, mean merely “brutal realism” to him, and even the grave statuettes of horses and camels are “frank realism.” “T’ang art,” he says, “was content with an absolutely unmitigated realism.” He misses entirely the symbolic character of this art, in which the *lokapalas* are but symbols of power, personifications of energy and ferocity. Yet, when he encounters genuine realism as in the Japanese statue of Vasubandhu by Unkei he sees in it not realism but the spiritual.

The gravest mistake, however, in a work of this sort is to fail in a sense of proportion. M. Grousset has given far too much space to

some phases of art and not enough to others. He should at least have *mentioned* the white pottery of An-Yang, small Chou bronzes, the magnificent mirrors of Ch’in. In one hundred and fourteen pages devoted almost exclusively to Chinese painting he allots only one and one-half paragraphs to frescoes and wall paintings. The whole of Chinese civilization from the Yüan period on is compressed within twenty-five pages—as if Chinese culture ceased to be after 1368. So the great ceramics of Ming, the exquisite porcelains of Ch’ing, are dismissed in five pages and the rich textiles and lacquers, even the epic architecture of Yung Lo go unmentioned. Yet to Japanese color prints he devotes twenty-one pages and fifty-one illustrations!

The volume on Japan contains proportionately too much history, just as the Chinese one contains too little, but it is more interesting reading. The volumes are in strong contrast. That on China presents a decided impression of confusion of art, influences pouring in on all sides from near and far, a restless surging sea of cross currents and tide rips, a culture that was international in its contacts. In the book on Japan, on the other hand, one senses the isolation, the provincial character of the culture. M. Grousset certainly had no intention of giving this impression. His admiration for Japan is unbounded. To him she is the Greece of the Far East. “By virtue of her vigorous artistic originality” she “succeeded in casting in a supreme and unsurpassable form the metal and motives supplied to her. . . . Thus it was the privilege of Japan to carry to [its] highest pitch of perfection the . . . art which she received from Asia.” In his desire to prove this he even cites the great qualities of certain Suiko and Tempyo works—most of which, unfortunately for his point, were executed by Korean and Chinese artists, a fact that he at the same time admits. Of the really native Tosa and Korin schools of painting he has surprisingly little to say, but admires rather the work of the Kano school, considering it as evidence of Japanese supremacy over Chinese in their own field.

The chapter on Bengal, Nepal, and Tibet is excellent, though a mere sketch.

We hope that the volume in which M.

Grousset promises to sum up the conclusions of these four will indeed "clarify the conceptions of art" set forth here. May we plead for simpler language more suited to the ordinary intellect of some of us who, nevertheless, love the art of the Far East.

HELEN E. FERNALD

The Story of England's Architecture

By Thomas E. Tallmadge. New York, W. W. Norton and Company, Inc., Publishers. Price, \$4.00.

NEITHER an adequate popular history of English architecture nor sufficiently precise to function as a guide (although professing to serve both purposes), Mr. Tallmadge's volume will nevertheless serve adequately the readers for whose needs it is written: the casual American tourist and her arm-chair cousin. The chapters on English architecture of the last generation or two, in which alone the author makes a contribution over existing literature, are short, incomplete, and on the whole unsympathetic. The book contains a List of Places of Architectural Interest, seventy-eight photographs, and a map.

F. A. GUTHEIM

Modern Photography, 1934-5

The Studio Annual of Camera, Edited by C. Geoffrey Holme. New York, The Studio Publications, Incorporated, Publishers. Price: paper, \$2.50; cloth, \$3.50.

THE *Studio's* yearly publications of outstanding photographs are among the best records of advanced contemporary work. The fourth issue comes to us in a smaller format and with a corresponding decrease in price, but with no sacrifice of quality. Indeed, the ninety-six photogravure plates seem even better than those of the earlier volumes, and faithfully reproduce the work of seventy photographers.

One's first impression of the photographs is that the camera, in the hands of a sensitive worker, can do more than record nature; it can discover hidden beauties. Our vision is directed to phases of the world about us which we may never before have noticed—the delicate symmetry of a pine-cone, the strident rhythms of factory chimneys, or the grace of rapid action, frozen on the sensitive plate by

a lightning-like exposure. Above all the new photographers are interested in arresting action, in discovering linear patterns, and in recording infinite detail. Notable examples of these dominant trends are Martin Munkacsi's extraordinary shot of a dancer in the Berlin Wintergarten standing on her hands in the glare of spotlights, Hajime Okano's admirable "Cock Under the Cherry Tree," composed with the subtlety of the Japanese prints of his ancestors, and Ansel Adams's superb "Old Fence."

Four of the latter's prints are reproduced, more than of any other contributor; furthermore he has written the introduction. Surveying the history of photography, he finds four periods of development: the Experimental, the Factual, the Pictorial, and the Photographic Renaissance—categories by no means as clearly defined as the author presents them. Rejlander's appallingly pictorial "Two Paths of Life" (1857), for example, antedates by thirty years the limits the author places on the Factual. Mr. Adams then discusses the aesthetics of the "New Photography." He recognizes that edge takes the place of line, and insists that "the delineation of the most minute detail must be attained in *all sections* of the picture." This is a surprising statement from one who believes in using the full capabilities of his medium, for the camera possesses the ability to bring out an object in sharp focus before a blurred background, thus giving it special emphasis. Several plates in the collection show sensitive use of this principle of "depth of focus." Emphasis on texture, which he sees as the enlargement of experience—"the experience of enriched detail"—is clearly one of the outstanding merits of the New Photography. In conclusion he writes: "Photography makes the *moment* enduring and eloquent."

The lay reader will probably find the autobiographical notes of the various workers of more interest than the section devoted to new equipment and other technical developments. Of the ten countries represented, England and America share honors with seventeen and fourteen contributors respectively, while Hungary, surprisingly enough, leads the continental group with eleven. It is technically significant

(Continued on page 63)



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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

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Speaking About Art

(Continued from page 55)

The Eastern collection of the Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester, has been augmented by the purchase of a T'ang stone Kwanyin from the Lung Men rock-cut caves. It was acquired through the Mrs. Charles H. Babcock Fund from Parish-Watson. Professor Osvald Siren reproduces this figure in his monumental work, *Chinese Sculpture*, with the comment, "I have never seen one of greater plastic beauty. The whole figure, from the high headdress to the feet, is dominated by the softly gliding movement of the double S-curve which might appear too accentuated if it were not so perfectly balanced by the position of the arms."

Gimbel Galleries, Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA'S new Gimbel Galleries of Contemporary Art opened Thanksgiving week with the Whitney Museum's exhibition of Philadelphia artists on display. Mr. Richard Gimbel pointed out that the exhibition was in accord with the Galleries' policy, which is to show the most important of American contemporary art and to link together Philadelphia's artists and public.

Mr. C. Philip Boyer, Director of the Galleries, mentioned that Philadelphia, although geographically close to New York, none the less has had from the first its own cultural development. The exhibition is "a selection of works by artists living and producing creative work in Philadelphia or its vicinity, who, although they may have been subjected to the multitudes of present-day influences, both here and abroad, have become an integral part of the artistic life of their community."

Mrs. Juliana Force, Director of the Whitney Museum of American Art, where the opening exhibition has previously been shown, spoke of the need for recognition of the artist and his work, at the preview luncheon at which she was the guest of honor.

Artists interested in showing their work in future exhibits at the Gimbel Galleries should communicate with C. Philip Boyer, in care of Gimbel Brothers, Eighth and Market Streets.

The Innocent Bystander

(Continued from page 49)

Marcel Duchamp's mysterious object made of glass and paint, and a strange creation in celluloid and copper by Antoine Persner which he goes so far as to call a torso.

On the first floor up are most of the star items of the painting collection. It makes a very strong showing, and if there were any doubt about the supremacy of French painting in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, there are some pretty positive answers here. The front room, particularly, is superb; there are few things in it on which one wants to disagree with Mr. Barr as to their desirability as museum pieces. They are not novelties, by any means—how could they be? They are very good selections from the works of Cézanne, Gauguin, Henri Rousseau, Seurat, and Van Gogh, and they are beautifully hung. Many of these canvases I have seen many times before. A new one to me was an interior at night by Van Gogh. It is a first-rate example, intense in color and pulsing with life.

A dominating position has been given in the main room to a large canvas by Pierre Bonnard, possibly because its size made it necessarily a center piece. It is a handsome specimen, but I have seen many Bonnards that have given me more pleasure. He is one of those artists who are apt to be at their best in canvases of smaller dimensions. Matisse is represented by five pictures, including a well-known and magnificent woman's head with plumed hat. Derain is among those present, and Picasso, who appears in several of his celebrated rôles, abstract and otherwise. Modigliani was to be expected and Vuillard is indispensable.

Most of the American artists have been relegated to the floor above and include some of our leading painters of the twentieth century: Bellows, Alexander Brook, Charles Burchfield, Arthur B. Davies, Edward Hopper, Henry Lee McFee, Maurice Prendergast, Max Weber, and numerous others.

The atmosphere chills as one mounts higher and finally becomes so rarefied that some of the most aspiring climbers breathe it with difficulty. Here are displayed not only pictures, many of which incline toward the eccentric, but

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also photographs of modern architecture and objects of industrial art. When the visitor, having reached these altitudes, comes upon a kitchen sink in Monel Metal he is likely to be conscious of a ringing in the ears and is hereby advised to descend to lower planes before his nose begins to bleed.

REGINALD MARSH

Reginald Marsh is one of the most talked of "younger" painters, and in the present scheme of things, with artists on every doorstep looking hopefully at a vision of fame, to be talked of is one of the elements in the complicated business of getting on.

For one of the reasons why Mr. Marsh has "got on" is because he has the strength to work much harder than the average American artist. Another reason is that he has the courage to attempt to solve far more difficult problems than the self-imitators would dare to tackle. To be sure he has limited himself, except in his water colors, to a brash and popular field which he attacks with furious industry if not with fine insight. He is certainly the leader in the crowd movement now *à la mode*, but he has not yet reached the point of seeing the crowd as a crowd.

Brave as are his ambitions (and for his bravery I have a great admiration) his crowds are a mosaic of photographic observations. I don't mean of course that Mr. Marsh ever uses photographs. I mean simply that his crowds remind me of an ingenious attempt to weld together many photographically seen bits.

His are exhibition pictures born of a determined ambition and incessant industry. One leaves them wondering how much Mr. Marsh cares about Fourteenth Street, the Burlesque, Coney Island, Harlem. It's grand exhibition stuff and it won't get lost in the crowd of pictures at the big show. Mr. Marsh has seen to that. And the visitor to his exhibition at the Rehn Gallery can see how well Mr. Marsh has solved that particular problem.

With all his ability, his ambition, his determination, and industry, Mr. Marsh will doubtless become one of our leading illustrators in his own chosen field. Some cynic said that if Mr. Marsh did half as much, he would do twice as well. Possibly he meant that Mr. Marsh, if he wants to become something better than a hit-you-in-the-eye exhibition painter, should use a little less elbow grease and a little more thought. But I forgot to ask him what he meant.

New Books on Art

(Continued from page 58)

that no fewer than seventeen of the prints are enlargements of miniature negatives, hardly larger than a postage stamp, and that more than half the photographers used panchromatic film, which accounts, in part, for the admirable texture and color rendition.

The *Studio* is to be congratulated upon presenting so admirably the work of the leading independent photographers of the day. Besides being a valuable record and a help to both amateur and professional, the book is sure to interest many laymen in the possibilities of the camera as an artistic medium in its own right.

BEAUMONT NEWHALL

New York Exhibitions

January

(Listed through the coöperation of the "New York Art Calendar")

American Women's Association, 353 W. 57th St.—Paintings, sculpture by members, to Jan. 12.

An American Group, 3 E. 51st St.—Water colors and drawings by members, Jan. 7 to 19.

An American Place, 509 Madison Ave.—Photographs by Alfred Stieglitz, to Jan. 17; Paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe, Jan. 19 to Feb. 27.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57th St.—Black and whites by members of National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, Jan. 2 to 12; Sixth Annual Fontainebleau Exhibition, Jan. 14 to 26.

Art Students' League, 215 W. 57th St.—Work of guest instructors, Jan. 2 to 12; "Daily Worker," series of murals, Jan. 15 to 26.

Brooklyn Painters and Sculptors, Towers Hotel, 25 Clark St.—Members' Paintings, Jan. 4 to 25.

Brummer Gallery, 53 E. 57th St.—Paintings and drawings by Segonzac, Jan. 10 to 31.

Frans Buffa & Sons, 58 W. 57th St.—Recent work by William Singer, Jr., to Jan. 31.

Carlyle Gallery, 250 E. 57th St.—Etchings by Grant Reynard, Joseph Margulies, George H. Shorey, to Jan. 31.

Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54th St.—"Paintings of Personalities," by Martha Simpson, to Jan. 12; Paintings by Kenneth Bates, Jan. 7 to 26.

Decorators Club, 745 Fifth Ave.—Decorative portraits and paintings by Ethel Blanchard Collver, Jan. 5 to 18; 18th and 19th century Chinese paintings, shown by Mrs. Kenneth Torrance, Jan. 21 to Feb. 2.

Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.—Paintings by Adelaïde de Groot, Jan. 3 to 19.

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- Ehrich-Newhouse*, 578 Madison Ave.—Paintings by Henry A. Botkin, Jan. 2 to 15.
- Eighth Street Gallery*, 61 W. 8th St.—Drawings by Hans Foy, to Jan. 12; Paintings by Maurice Becker, Jan. 14 to Feb. 9.
- Fifteen Gallery*, 37 W. 57th St.—Paintings by Herbert B. Tschudy, to Jan. 12; "Forgotten Men," by Charles Hovey Pepper, Jan. 14 to 26.
- Gallery of American Indian Art*, 850 Lexington Ave.—Water colors by American Indian artists and modern Indian pottery, opening Jan. 7.
- Grand Central Art Galleries*, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.—100 Best Prints of the Year, Jan. 4 to 26; Portraits by Margaret Fitzhugh Browne, Paintings by Gladys Thayer, Charcoal drawings by Harry Waltman, Paintings by Gustave Cimiotti, Jan. 8 to 19; Statuettes and labor subjects by Max Kalish, Jan. 15 to 26. *Fifth Ave. Branch*, Paintings by Robert Philip, Jan. 7 to 26; Paintings by Hovsep Pushman, Jan. 14 to 26.
- Grant Studios*, 110 Remsen St., Brooklyn.—18th Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Brooklyn Society of Artists, Jan. 7 to 29.
- Grolier Club*, 47 E. 60th St.—Prints chosen by nine members of the Grolier Club, to Jan. 16.
- Marie Harriman*, 61-63 E. 57th St.—Paintings by Oscar Bluemner, Jan. 2 to 27.
- Kennedy & Co.*, 785 Fifth Ave.—Etchings, dry-points and water colors by Walter Tittle; Character drawings by Nancy Dyer.
- Keppel*, 16 E. 57th St.—Etchings and lithographs by Whistler.
- Kleemann*, 38 E. 57th St.—New paintings by Eugene Higgins, Jan. 1 to 15; Paintings and drawings by Moses Soyer, Jan. 15 to 30.
- Kraushaar Gallery*, 680 Fifth Ave.—Sculpture by E. W. Miles, Jan. 3 to 15; Paintings by Guy Pène du Bois, Jan. 17 to Feb. 2.
- La Salle Gallery*, 3105 Broadway.—Group show including paintings by Sylvia Ludins, Niberg Abbey, Thomas Nagai and Sabine Teichman, Jan. 7 to Feb. 2.
- Julien Levy*, 602 Madison Ave.—Photographs and paintings by Emilio Amero.
- Lilienfeld Gallery*, 21 E. 57th St.—Paintings by Richard Guggenheimer, Jan. 12 to Feb. 2.
- Macbeth Gallery*, 15 E. 57th St.—Drawings by early American artists; Subjects from Guatemala by Leopold Seyffert, Jan. 2 to 14; Recent paintings by F. C. Frieseke, Jan. 15 to Feb. 4.
- Pierre Matisse*, 51 E. 57th St.—Paintings, pastels and drawings by Joan Miro.
- Metropolitan Museum of Art*, 5th Ave. and 82nd St.—Contemporary American Industrial Art, Gal. D6, through Jan. 6; Whistler Centenary Exhibition of Prints, Gals. K37-40, from Jan. 5.
- Milch Galleries*, 108 W. 57th St.—Paintings and prints from Samuel Halpert Estate, from Jan. 7.
- Morton Galleries*, 130 W. 57th St.—Water colors by Harwood Steiger, Jan. 1 to 15; Water colors by Frank Wallace and Jos. Lenhard, Jan. 15 to 29.
- Museum of the City of New York*, 5th Ave. and 103rd St.—Hats and Furs of Former Days, to Feb. 1; Charles Frohman and the Empire Theatre, to Feb. 4.
- Museum of Modern Art*, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifth Anniversary Exhibition, to Jan. 20.
- National Arts Club*, 119 E. 19th St.—Members' Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture, Jan. 10 to Feb. 1.
- National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors*, 215 W. 57th St.—44th Annual Exhibition, Jan. 3 to 24.
- N. Y. Historical Society*, Central Park W. and 77th St.—18th and 19th Century miniatures.
- Georgette Passedoit*, 485 Madison Ave.—Paintings by Clinton King.
- Pen and Brush*, 16 E. 10th St.—Holiday Exhibit of flower pieces, to Jan. 4; Member exhibition of black and white, water colors and pastels, Jan. 4 to Feb. 1.
- Pratt Institute Free Library*, 220 Ryerson St., Brooklyn.—Birds and Trees of North America by Rex Brasher.
- F. K. M. Rehn*, 683 Fifth Ave.—Paintings by Morris Kantor, Jan. 2 to 19; Paintings by Kenneth Hayes Miller, Jan. 21 to 31.
- Roerich Museum International Art Center*, 310 Riverside Drive.—Polychrome wood carvings and sculpture by Roberto De La Selva, to Jan. 5. Exhibition of Polish Art follows.
- Squibb Art Galleries*, 745 Fifth Ave.—Indian painting by Winold Reiss, Jan. 18 to Feb. 1.
- Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences*, St. George.—Japanese Prints.
- Marie Sterner*, 9 E. 57th St.—Portraits by Natalie Hays Hammond, to Jan. 5; Drawings by Elizabeth Telling, Jan. 7 to Jan. 19.
- Ten Dollar Gallery*, 152 E. 35th St.—Paintings by Mary Hutchinson and Mother, to Jan. 15; Water colors and lithographs by Esther Pressoir, Jan. 15 to 30.
- Valentine Gallery*, 69 E. 57th St.—Paintings by Joseph Stella, Jan. 7 to 26.
- Julius Weitzner Gallery*, 36 E. 57th St.—"The Cathedrals of France," painted by Pieter Van Veen, to Jan. 2.
- Whitney Museum of American Art*, 10 W. 8th St.—1934 Acquisitions to the Permanent Collection; Tapestries by Arthur B. Davies; Paintings by Robert Loftin Newman, Jan. 15 to Feb. 8.
- Wildenstein & Co.*, 19 E. 64th St.—Paintings by Frank O. Salisbury, Jan. 4 to 18.
- Howard Young Galleries*, 677 Fifth Ave.—18th Century English portraits and landscapes.

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I sometimes think that painting is as
much based on giving us the orienta-
tion of our spirits in space as music
is of our orientation
in time.

ROGER FRY